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PASCAL.

In reading the *Pensées* of PASCAL lately the question occurred to us whether that work really deserved its immense reputation, and whether PASCAL himself were the profound and sublime genius he is usually regarded. During the last dozen years we have made a dozen attempts to read the *Pensées* through, and now that we have at last succeeded, we must confess that we never undertook or accomplished a more unprofitable drudgery. We have no ambition to profound paradoxes, no desire to attract attention, or to acquire influence by assailing a celebrated name; we wish simply to give our honest impressions; and certainly these are anything but favourable to the *Pensées*. We suspect, however, that very few persons have read that famous book; and to this circumstance it probably owes the chief part of its glory. If an author has a great reputation all the world echoes the praise, however unmerited, and does so, because all the world does so. We may talk as much as we please about religious and political infallibilities, but there is no infallibility so unhesitatingly accepted, so slavishly bowed to as the literary. Man is often most a coward when he has least to dread, and he

would in general rather have his orthodoxy or his loyalty doubted than his taste. But for the potent effect of this feeling we believe that PASCAL's *Pensées* would ere this have gone the way of other tedious books, which have been a moment renowned and then for ever forgotten. We have no prejudice against PASCAL, who seems to have been a pious, sincere, and honourable man, though crammed to the throat with the silliest superstitions. And the interest attaching to his character has entered for much in the favourable estimate of his works. We frequently think we are admiring an author when we are merely revering a man. This makes it a more difficult and a very unenviable task to attack a writer whom ages have justly venerated as a saint. But perhaps the example of the saint would be all the more bright and blissful if the false glitter round the author's productions were swept for ever away. And thus we should be doing PASCAL a signal service by reducing him to his legitimate dimensions as an author, because thereby we should be making his pure and holy career a more living power in the hearts of men. It has been said with exceeding truth and force, that if a bad principle is worse than the worst action, so a good example is better than the best principle. The pith of this indicates with tolerable correctness the attitude we aspire to take toward PASCAL, which is not that of opponents, but that of appreciators, and in maintaining which we should give far more than we took away. PASCAL is known to us under four aspects, as a mathematician, as a controversialist, as a philosopher, and as a man of deep but fanatical piety. Had he been any one of these things singly he would never have been much heard of. But his precocity as a mathematician drew attention to his grand controversial display in favour of the Jansenists; his success as a controversialist made wondering, expectant, dazzled eyes turn towards his utterances as a philosopher; and what PASCAL the philosopher spoke, so much resembled what PASCAL the devotee did, that all those who applauded the first, were ready to bow the knee to the last. Among the notable of our race not a few owe their renown to a certain kind of incompleteness. Men please themselves with imagining what they might have been. BYRON dying at thirty-six is a more glorious and thrilling memory than if he had died at sixty. NOVALIS perishing of consumption ere his thirtieth year seems to assert his claims to genius with a touching force which the world would have been far less disposed to feel if he had lived twice as long. And PASCAL sinking into the grave before forty and having achieved completeness in nothing except a higher sort of pamphleteering,—for such alone can we call the tremendous and victorious blow dealt at the Jesuits in the *Lettres Provinciales*,—is more refulgent in the sight, more fulminating in the ear of the nations, than if he had attained the most perfect and systematic results in mathematical deductions and philosophical speculation. Sickly, fragmentary authors like PASCAL, excite somewhat of the same pity and attachment as the weakest child in the family. Their errors are readily pardoned, all their defects are overlooked, a thousand good and beautiful qualities are ascribed to them which nature never gave, and the glad dream which fond love dreams of their possible destiny is taken as the measure of their powers. But for this tendency to pass from sympathy into idolatry would VILLEMMAIN have praised PASCAL for his imagination as he does in his eloquent but superficial essay on him? In truth PASCAL was singularly deficient in imagination, more deficient than the French usually are; and this is saying a good deal, since the French are the most unimaginative people in Europe. Is it not equally preposterous to eulogise him, as VILLEMMAIN likewise does, as the creator of the French prose style? As if an author could be anything more than the creator of his own style, or as if it were possible for any one man to fix for ever the literary expression of a country. Leaving aside audacities and caprices of style such as may be found in RICHTER and others, the style of a writer is partly the natural garb which his thoughts of themselves take, partly the modes of speech current among all the literary and cultivated persons of his time, partly the language common to all the world. Wanting the first it will want strength and character; wanting the second it will want purity and point; wanting the third it will want raciness and popularity. A style is good, then, just in the degree that it is like

him who uses it, and like those to whom he speaks. A radically bad style that can only be which is borrowed and artificial. Judged by this test PASCAL's may be said to be a good style. It bears the most faithful impression of his individuality; it is clear, incisive, rapid like his sharp and logical mind. But it is bald, hard, and unsuggestive; it has none of that affluence and variety which make a style interesting on its own account, as, for instance, is so grandly the case with JEREMY TAYLOR. With all due deference then to VILLEMMAIN we conceive that there is no style less fitted than that of PASCAL to be the type of eternal beauty. It is an admirable style to state the incontrovertible, the mathematically true; in this respect it is perhaps unsurpassed; but it is not what may be called an originating style, a style that fertilizes the heart while it fires the soul. It has nothing of the poet or of the orator in it, whatever French critics, always exploding in ecstasies and exaggerations, may say to the contrary. Nor is it astonishing that PASCAL's style should be frigid and meagre. No author so famous was ever so remarkable for poverty of thought. There are not half a dozen ideas in the whole of the *Pensées*. And these recur so often, and so much in the same form, as to be insupportably tedious. Without also wishing to accuse PASCAL of being intentionally a sophist, we maintain boldly that there is a prodigious amount of sophistry in the *Pensées*. Let our readers turn to the article entitled *Misère de L'Homme*, and what will they find there as the main proof of human misery? Why, that man seeks by agitation and by action to employ and to expend his energies. How childish, how ridiculous, how false! Men are impelled by a resistless impulse within them to be painters, architects, musicians, sculptors. In obeying this they are showing their genius you would say. No! cries PASCAL, they are flying from their conscious wretchedness, they are proving their wretchedness. One man is fond of field-sports, another delights in travelling, another dares all and bears all in his enthusiastic devotion to science. They are following, you would say, their favourite pursuits. No! exclaims PASCAL, they are flying from the darkness, the void, and the agony of their own hearts. Whether he who wrote such nonsense could be the sublime sage he is usually reckoned, we doubt; and we further doubt whether PASCAL, great as is his influence, and great as is his glory, had even in a small degree any of that inventive and spontaneous faculty which constitutes genius. Thus doubting, however, we shall always be foremost to venerate PASCAL the Holy.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Literary Remains of Barbara Hoffman, Author of "The Son of a Genius," "Tales of the Manor," "Tales of the Priory," "Patience," "Integrity," "Decision," &c. &c. By THOMAS RAMSAY, Author of "A Glance at Belgium and the Rhine." London: Cleaver. 1849.

THERE are peculiar talents required for writing biography as well as for any other species of composition. It is not enough that a man who can string sentences grammatically together, should sit down, pen in hand, and state the mere facts of any given life. Biography ought not only to contain a narrative of the things which befel a man outwardly, but the elucidation of his life inwardly—in short the exposition of his character. We are more interested in learning what a man was than in knowing what happened to him. Events have, in biography, generally speaking, but a relative interest,—as they tend to throw light upon character. Hence a capacity for appreciating character,—not a very common gift in any high degree,—is a necessary qualification in a biographer. It is not sufficient that the author should approve or disapprove, admire or condemn, he must be in sympathy with his subject. A wise selection from correspondence or diaries is the best substitute for any deficiency of the

power we have named; and yet, perhaps, this wise selection cannot be made except by a person who possesses it.

Mr. RAMSAY has, however, almost entirely omitted to give, in this work, any of the familiar letters of Mrs. HOFLAND. Her "literary remains," which are interspersed with the narrative, usurp the place of her correspondence. In these, of course, she appears as the authoress, and not as the woman—a much less interesting character, for though her life may be interesting chiefly in relation to her authorship, it is yet the life which *does* interest. KEATS was not wrong when he said that a poet was the most unpoetic thing in nature, that is, merely as a poet. Generally speaking, and the present instance forms no exception, it is a mistaken zeal which induces friends to publish "literary remains." They usually consist of the mere dregs of writings, of what he has himself, with superior judgment, rejected as not likely to advance his reputation. The author of the work under our consideration, does not atone for the want of the written memorials, by means of which a character exhibits itself, by the possession of the faculty which can, without these, convey a clear impression of it to another mind. He tells us, indeed, that Mrs. HOFLAND was all that is estimable and amiable, and we do not doubt him; but he does not succeed in bringing her individually before us, so as to cause those qualities in her to excite in us a personal interest. He informs us, also, but not till near the end of the book, that her marriage with Mr. HOFLAND was not a happy one, and that she bore her lot with exemplary patience and forbearance, and again we repeat we have perfect confidence in the truth of the assertion; but the fact is not substantiated to our imagination in any way. Mrs. HOFLAND continues to be to us a mere abstraction, in which our feelings are not interested. We have little more idea of her daily life, of the little habits, talks, manners, which constitute individuality, than we might have gathered from her works. We would not, however, be thought to be here giving our countenance to that style of biography, which panders to a diseased curiosity and love of gossip on the part of the public, by dragging to light the most private circumstances and affairs of celebrated persons; but without doing this, it is perfectly possible, as many excellent biographers abundantly testify, to give a distinct, and as nearly as it is possible for one human being to comprehend another, a complete idea of the character of those persons of whose lives such works treat. Altogether, Mr. RAMSAY's is a lifeless production, having the form of biography, but lacking the spirit.

But even in what may be termed the form, the work is very defective. There is a total want of arrangement in the materials of which it is composed, and a great deficiency of chronology—an important defect,—as the interpretation of a fact, or the meaning of a sentiment may depend much upon the date of occurrence or utterance.

Our readers may imagine that from so meagre a work as we have described this memoir to be, it will be very difficult for us to afford them much entertainment. Nevertheless, we shall endeavour, as far as our materials enable us, to trace the career, and exhibit the character of Mrs. HOFLAND, gleaming, as we proceed with our task, any passage from the *Remains*, which may seem to do justice to her literary character.

The name of Mrs. HOFLAND is deservedly

dear to most readers—associated as it is with some of the pleasantest and most profitable hours of the sunny period of childhood and youth. We have, ourselves, although it is now "lang syne," a distinct recollection of the breathless interest excited in us for the fate of MANUEL, when he was stolen by the American aborigines, and the tender and healthy sympathy awakened by the story of the "Daughter-in-law." Believing that many will share our feelings, we proceed to make them acquainted, as far as our limits and our powers will permit, with what we have learned from this work of Mrs. HOFLAND.

BARBARA WREAKS was the daughter of the principal partner in an extensive manufactory at Sheffield, and was born in the year 1770. Her father dying when she was very young, and her mother shortly afterwards marrying again, she was committed to the care of a maiden aunt, who, we are told, "brought her up with parental attention, growing more attached to her interesting charge, as time developed the glowing feelings of her young heart, and the rich graces of her expanding mind; in which she did not fail to discern the virtues and the talents which distinguished their possessor in after life." And this is all, absolutely all, we are told concerning the childhood and youth of Mrs. HOFLAND—that most interesting period of life, to the psychologist as well as to the poet. We should like much to have known the early bent of her genius, to have been told what were her favourite studies and amusements, to have had one or two anecdotes illustrative of her dispositions and tastes, or a few extracts from her early correspondence; but no such things are there here. Mr. RAMSAY has not discovered the art of being interesting. At the age of twenty-six, Miss WREAKS married Mr. T. BRADSHAW HOOLE, junior partner in a firm of Sheffield merchants. Equally brief with the account of her early life, is that of the period of her first marriage. We give it in Mr. RAMSAY's own words:

But their happiness, which had been enhanced by the birth of a daughter in the first year of their union, and of a son in the year following, was not destined to continue. Two short years of domestic bliss were all that she was now permitted to know. Her dear and devoted husband was suddenly seized with rapid consumption; her firstborn sickened and died, and in a little while she was unhappily left a widow at the early age of twenty-eight, her infant son being then but four months old. Nor did the melancholy change thus overshadowing her career terminate with those bereavements. Her severe affliction was aggravated and extended by the failure of the house in which her departed husband was [had been] a partner. The political vicissitudes which at the close of the last century disturbed and depressed so many of the continental houses, had brought ruin on most of the foreign customers of the firm, which thereby became bankrupt, and swept away by its fall the whole of the property upon which the unfortunate widow and her child had to depend for subsistence. Some time afterwards, property was bequeathed to the child by his grandfather, which would have amounted to a handsome fortune by the time he came of age; but this also was lost by a similar calamity to that which had befallen his father's firm; the surviving trustee, into whose hands it passed, became insolvent shortly before the period when his trust would have expired, and all his ward's property was involved in his ruin.

In the desperate state to which her pecuniary resources were reduced, Mrs. HOOLE bethought herself of publishing a volume of poems, formed of fugitive pieces, written by her during the previous years of her life. This volume was published by subscription—

the proceeds amounting to several hundred pounds, and the list of subscribers occupying upwards of forty pages of the book. The great success of the work was, however, owing doubtless rather to the compassion excited by the unfortunate circumstances in which the authoress was placed, than to the merit of her poems. From the specimens here given, and which are probably the best, they appear very common-place, just such productions as dozens of amiable and well-educated young ladies and young gentlemen compose for the edification and delight of themselves and of their confidential friends. They are, in short, very respectable verses, without ever rising to the dignity of poetry in the proper sense of the term. By the sum obtained by the publication of her poems, Mrs. HOOLE was enabled to open a boarding-school. But the undertaking not fulfilling its first promise, she was obliged once more to have recourse to her pen, to gain a livelihood. Many of her productions, which now seem to have been all in prose, became very popular, and of one written at this period, *The Clergyman's Widow*,—it seems that altogether there have been sold no fewer than seventeen thousand copies. We subjoin the author's account of Mrs. HOOLE's marriage with Mr. HOFLAND:

After a widowhood of ten years, passed in anxious and almost unceasing exertions to secure a competency for herself and her child, she attracted the notice of Mr. Thomas Christopher Hofland, a young artist of very promising talent, belonging to a very respectable family in a neighbouring county. He possessed that graceful, cultivated mind, and that dashing and gallant bearing, which could scarcely fail to make an impression on a mind so congenial, and so enthusiastic as hers. She reciprocated with him those allurements of imagination and taste which, unchecked and unchastened, are so apt to bewilder:

Smit with the love of sister arts they came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame.

His pecuniary means, it is true, were only scanty, and his prospects more than doubtful. His family, like her own, had felt the shock of those convulsions which had, but a few years before, so fearfully shaken the commercial institutions of the country; and his lot, as well as her own, was to struggle with adversity; but, like the gentle Desdemona:—

She loved him for the troubles he had passed,
And he loved her that she did pity them.

This was no doubt an ingredient in that cup of affection, of which each now drank; and their determination was soon formed to unite their hands and fortunes in the bonds of wedlock.

If Mr. HOFLAND was really a young artist, he must have been much younger than his wife, as at this time she could not have been far from forty. It seems that in forming this new tie, Mrs. HOFLAND "acted in opposition to the wishes and opinions of her family and friends."

Mr. HOFLAND, with the ambition and the enthusiasm, possessed much of the waywardness and petulance which often accompany genius. It is supposed that he was in many respects the original of Lewis, in his wife's most celebrated work, *The Son of a Genius*, while many of the incidents of this tale are drawn from their own history. For several months after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. HOFLAND resided at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, but the former being ambitious of a wider field for his talent, they removed to London, in which great city, or in its immediate neighbourhood, our authoress spent the remainder of her life. HOFLAND's success not being so immediate as he had hoped, it became necessary that his wife's literary powers should be exerted to their utmost, to add to their slender pecuniary resources.

Many of her most successful works were put forth at this period, among others, *The Daughter-in-Law*, and *The Son of a Genius*. Of the last-named production, in addition to many other testimonies in favour of its literary and moral merit, it has, it seems, been declared by Mr. and Miss EDGEWORTH,—"that no literary work has effected so much moral and social good among the people of Ireland."

The dishonourable conduct of the late Duke of MARLBOROUGH plunged the HOFLANDS in difficulties from which it took them many years to extricate themselves. It seems that at the instance of this nobleman, HOFLAND had undertaken to paint a series of pictures for a folio volume, of a place called White Knights, in the neighbourhood of Blenheim, Mrs. HOFLAND furnishing the letter-press descriptions. The HOFLANDS fulfilled their share of the agreement, but not only did the Duke neglect to remunerate them for their labours, but he left them burdened with the expenses of the publication of the work, which amounted to a very large sum for persons with their limited means. Mr. RAMSAY tells us:

Eventually, by the most strenuous exertions, the whole sum was honourably paid; but if it had not been for the counsel, consolation, and assistance which Mrs. Hofland was able to afford her husband, it must have overwhelmed him. To her this proved one of the severest troubles of her life, but the high principle which pointed out her course, sustained her under the trial, and crowned her efforts with the reward of a good conscience.

There is indeed something very touching in the idea of the persevering fortitude and uncomplaining labour of the poor authoress, and we wish that Mr. RAMSAY, by particularising a little—by allowing her to express her own feelings, or describing the actual circumstances of her daily life, had brought home the picture more forcibly to our imaginations; but he merely commends without exhibiting—a better kind of praise,—for we can all approve for ourselves.

From the position given her by her own and her husband's talents, Mrs. HOFLAND, of course, early formed an extensive acquaintance in the world of art and literature. Rather an unfortunate result of this circumstance was the publication, in a provincial magazine, of sketches of the society in which she mixed, containing many personal allusions and descriptions. These having attracted notice were copied into publications of higher standing, and gave great offence to many of the persons named in them. In Mr. RAMSAY's words, "she raised a hornet's nest about her ears; and one of the most stinging of her persecutors was not improbably her husband himself." This is the sole allusion, however, to Mr. HOFLAND's dissatisfaction on the occasion. Mrs. HOFLAND had frequently mentioned herself in these letters, and the annoyance caused her by their publication was greatly increased by the circumstance that whereas merely the initial and terminal letters of their names had been given, hers had been printed in full. Her vexation is expressed in a letter to the author of the memoir, an extract from which he has given us in this volume. We transcribe it because it is the first specimen of her correspondence which occurs:

"I am very sorry, and indeed much vexed," she says, "that they have filled up my name, wherever it occurs, instead of putting it in the same way as the rest. There is a publicity in this which is extremely painful to me, because it looks like arrogance, and is particularly mortifying to me just now, as, contrary to my wishes, but,

in compliance, it seems, with custom, I have been obliged to give my portrait to *La Belle Assemblée*. To single me out—the one woman who is the most retired, and retiring, person in the whole fraternity of public characters, was in itself very ill-judged, and a certain mortification: to say nothing of its being a liberty with the text no printer ever took with mine before. Although I can have no objection to my name appearing professionally, the detail of private conduct is quite a different thing, and what most troubles me, is, making me different to other people, when it has been for years the great object of my life to pass as undistinguished as the nature of my avocations permitted, and to prove myself sensible that I had no pretensions save to utility."

One of the greatest trials of Mrs. HOFLAND's life was the death of her only son, the Rev. FREDERICK HOOLE, at the age of thirty-four. He was a young man of promising talents, great acquirements, amiable disposition, and most exemplary and devoted in discharging the duties of his holy office. His health, however, was delicate, his complaints, which were pulmonary, being greatly aggravated, and his death doubtless hastened by the zealous performance of his duties in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, of which he was curate. In a letter to the author, Mrs. HOFLAND describes his last hours:

All his fears had been for me: and he observed: "we had neither of us the power to talk of our parting without being too much affected, therefore of that we would not speak;" but of his own removal, his faith, his deep solicitude as a minister of Christ, he spoke continually, in conversation with his beloved friend and fellow-curate, Mr. Riddell, who was unto him more than a brother, and who is now gone home to Berwick-on-Tweed. It pleased God to remove his pains twenty-four hours before the last, and his spirit rose as it were triumphantly from the pressure of the flesh, yet only the more sensible of the deep humility which becomes a creature about to enter the immediate presence of his God, and sensible of the bonds which cling to every heart. Perhaps no man ever felt friendship more warmly than Frederick Hoole; those whom he loved had his whole heart, and the manner in which he now looked and spoke to the few he saw, will never be forgotten by them. Hofland came to see him (as it happened) on the last day of his life; the pleasure he expressed was wonderful, yet he then believed himself dying; indeed he breathed his last in sleep a few minutes after he went away, having within an hour prayed fervently for us all, after which he said:—In one hour, I may be with Jesus."

She thus describes her own feelings:

At the time I lost him, I bore the stroke far better than my husband, whose exceedingly bad health rendered him soon overpowered, and who had never believed him likely to die at that time; I caught, perhaps, somewhat of his own spirit from his example, and felt that I could say, "Thy will, not mine, be done;" but that time has passed, and my heart feels more and more bereaved. I would not wish to have my poor afflicted one back again, to suffer, and die—to be a harassed, worn-out man, sickly in constitution, impoverished, controlled by the unworthy, struggling with difficulties, suffering in body and anxious in mind—oh! no, it is far better, even in a worldly sense, that he should be at peace; but still I have lost my all. I have nothing to hope, nothing on which to rest for comfort: but there is one consolation—if life has lost its sweetness, it will not last long. Oh! that I were as fit to quit it as he was,—but that I cannot hope for.

The following extracts from a letter to the same person contain her impressions of some literary characters, well known to the public:

I have, since I came here (Richmond), formed an poems acquaintance with Miss Mary Anne Browne, whose you have seen in the *Literary Gazette* and elsewhere. She is the most extraordinary instance of precocious talent I have ever heard of; and along with it, is a most engaging, simple, unaffected girl; yet so full of animation as to give you a lively idea, in every word she utters, of the Italian improvisatrice, having, indeed,

much the person, as well as mind of that country; pretty but dark, black hair and hazel eyes. Her father told me "she talked perfectly well at sixteen months old;" of any time when she could not read she has scarcely a recollection; she learnt when she was about two years old. At five some one (they were fools by the by) gave her the *Paradise Lost*, which she read with avidity, but became so terrified and interested by the Satan, that her sleep was haunted, and her mind harassed so as to injure her health. At this time she wrote verses, though she had not learned to join her letters in writing; her father has some curious specimens of this faculty in her copy books. At twelve her first long poem, *Ada*, was written, but not published till she was fourteen, when it appeared with several things better than it; they are all beautiful and polished, indicating extensive reading, pure taste, and poetic conception. She is, I understand, a good classical scholar, and it is certain she is a modest, amiable, affectionate daughter and sister, not a bit spoiled by the praise she has elicited. She is now seventeen. We have had Miss Jewsbury in London, and most wonderfully has she been admired and run after (considering how much talent is afloat in the world); she might have been a beauty as well as a wit, from the incense offered by the men, who, generally speaking, crowd around the pretty one in preference to the clever one, to begin with, at least; but she is a fine young woman, with a very intellectual countenance. On her arrival it was evident she considered herself *très distinguée*, and looked down on our poor creatures in town, as mites on our own molehill; but by degrees this idea gave place to a better, and she became very agreeable even to women. She is a very superior-minded person, and, in my opinion, has by no means reached her own power as a writer of stories, good as her *Three Histories* are generally deemed; and she is a beautiful writer of verses. Previous to our seeing her, Mr. and Mrs. H— were in town; they are "friends," you know, and both very sweet writers in the *Annuals*, and both good and agreeable. He has not anything of the Quaker in his personal appearance, but she is so decidedly, yet with an air of ease and gentility, of just sufficient fashion to banish stiffness. None of these common-place terms, however, ought to enter into one's vocabulary in speaking of so sweet a creature as Mary H—. She has all the simplicity of a child, the enthusiasm of a poet, and the quiet good sense of a wife and mother; whilst true Christian piety throws over all her lively manners and conversation a kind of veil, that softens and beautifies that which is already engaging. I shall always regret that I saw so little of her; she was one evening at Mrs. Hall's when I met her, and the next day, she came to see me for one hour; it was the day of her departure.

The last five years of Mrs. HOFLAND's life were passed at Richmond. She ever preferred the country to the town; having all the love of nature which is one of the most unfailing attributes of the poetic mind, and one which is the last to leave it. At Richmond, too, Mr. HOFLAND had an opportunity of indulging in his favourite sport of angling, upon which he had written a book. Here, as elsewhere, Mrs. HOFLAND's society was much sought. She gave many little evening parties, and composed as they were of a congenial circle, we can easily believe that they formed "a source of the highest pleasure to all who were privileged to enjoy them." Mr. RAMSAY inserts an essay of Mrs. HOFLAND's on the comparative state of society in London, and in the country, in which she draws a parallel greatly in favour of the latter—too much so, we think, for though doubtless country society does possess in some respects important advantages, still these are not without their counter-balancing draw-backs, particularly in an intellectual point of view. If there be, as we are inclined to think there is, more cordiality, more sincerity, and less stiffness in country society, there is also more narrow-mindedness, more intolerance, and less intelligence. Mrs. HOFLAND, however, probably

drew her picture from her Richmond circle, but in doing so, she ought to have been aware that it was not likely there would be many such circles as her own in the country, and that being so near the metropolis, Richmond could afford no fair specimen of what she wished to describe, approaching in fact in its mental circumstances nearer to town than country. There is much truth, however, we are inclined to think, in what she says of London society, although it is certainly the shaded side of the picture.

Mr. and Mrs. HOFLAND had been some time at Richmond, how long, we are not told, when the former received a commission from the Earl of EGREMONT to paint a series of pictures, the subjects of which were to be selected from sketches made by the artist in Italy. HOFLAND had long desired to visit that beautiful land, and he embraced the opportunity now offered with joyful alacrity, and elate with the brightness it shed over his professional prospects. But this tour, so delightful in prospect, was destined to have a melancholy termination. But the sad tale is best told in Mrs. HOFLAND's own words:

He made at Naples, Castel-a-mare, Pompeii, Rome, Tivoli, and Florence, between seventy and eighty beautiful sketches, but became in the latter city, so exceedingly ill, that he set out suddenly, in a hope that appeared almost vain, of reaching home again. Happily, as he passed through France the fever left him; but its ravages were terrible; more than twenty years seemed added to his age during five months' absence; nevertheless, his spirits were elated, and he hastened to lay the fruits of his labours before his noble patron, of whose judgment he had the highest opinion, and whose approbation was most important.

"In the following October," says Mr. RAMSAY, although how long that may have been after the last-named period we are unable to guess, as there is no date of any kind whatever assigned to it, "his health had so far declined as to render him incapable of any great exertion." It was hoped that change of air might be beneficial, and they accordingly removed to Leamington; but without any happy result. In the third week, Mrs. HOFLAND acknowledges all hope had ceased even with her. It was found Mr. HOFLAND's disease was cancer in the stomach. He had suffered severely from it for upwards of thirty years. "HOFLAND expired in the arms of his devoted wife, whom for several successive days he could not endure to be absent from his side." Mrs. HOFLAND returned to Richmond a few days after her husband's death, which, notwithstanding his frequent unkindness to her, she seems to have felt most deeply. The following extract gives some idea of the treatment she endured from him. After having transcribed her recorded opinion of her husband's works, the author remarks:

The wife who could thus think and speak of her husband's works, deserved, assuredly, that husband's affection and regard; especially when with such an appreciation were combined the highest devotion, and the rarest virtues. Yet, alas! all this was lost in a great measure upon him to whom it was offered. "Often, very often," says one who knew her well, in her sorrows as in her joys, "have the wonder of kind hearts been excited, when they beheld that amiable and admirable woman, endowed with such great talents, with the most active and exemplary domestic habits, and the most pleasing and interesting powers of conversation—disregarded, despised, and abused." But this affected her not. She bore it with all the meekness and resignation of a Christian, "not returning railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing." "She was so proud of his talents," Mrs. Hall has observed—"so eager to praise his excellence—so anxious, even while the flush of out-

raged feeling was burning on her cheek, to exhibit the bright side of his character to her most intimate friends—so prone to descant upon an artist's trials, and an artist's vexations—so wishful to set herself aside; that his value only might appear in a strong light—so constantly bringing into active work the charity that 'beareth all things, endureth all things, hopeth all things,'—that to learn the most exalted duties of woman's life is but to call to remembrance the practice of Barbara Hofland." The circumstances of her husband's life, his professional engagements, his tastes, his associations, one or other and occasionally all of these, brought him much in contact with the great and gay; and weeks, nay and sometimes months together, has he spent amidst the blandishments of such society, without seeming to bestow a thought on his devoted wife at home.

In another extract from Mrs. HALL's article on Mrs. HOFLAND, some extenuation of HOFLAND's behaviour is found in his miserable health, and it is indeed difficult for those who have not experienced it, to know what a temptation to the temper, years of suffering, and the nervous irritability prolonged suffering never fails to produce, may be. Only the most amiable disposition, or the highest principle, is completely proof against it. But though his disease may furnish some faint apology for Mr. HOFLAND's behaviour, it in no way detracts from the extraordinary merit of his wife. Mrs. HALL writes:

It is ill to write unkindly of the dead; and he whose harshness caused her virtues to shine so brightly, honoured her in his heart; though a long series of years of suffering from internal disease rendered him, despite his talent and knowledge, so great a penance to so rare a wife. . . . Had it not been for her high religious principles, and her buoyant and cheerful nature, Mrs. Hofland's might be said to be a life of mingled labour and endurance.

Mrs. HOFLAND seems to have survived her husband something less than two years. In the summer following his death, she made, with a pleasant party, a trip to France. The fruit of this excursion was her last work, *Emily's Reward*, or *The Holiday Trip to Paris*, which was not published till the autumn of the succeeding year, 1844. About a year before she had had an alarming attack of illness, from which, however, she rallied surprisingly. We transcribe Mr. RAMSAY's rather flatly written account of her last days:

She had on two or three occasions, written, what she professed should be, her "last work," but had been unable to resist the inducement to undertake another and still another. But *Emily's Reward* was the very last; and yet she could not restrain herself from indulgence in her old habit of writing, which she sometimes continued many hours after all the rest of her household had retired to rest, and this practice occasioned an accident which hastened her end. On her way up stairs, after one of these "sessions of sweet, silent thought," and literary occupation, she either missed her footing or trod upon her dress, and falling down the flight of steps, strained herself severely. She lay insensible, it was supposed, for a considerable time, and although no fatal injury was apparent, her system had evidently received a shock which, at her advanced age, it was ill prepared to sustain. She lived for some weeks afterwards, although in a feeble state, and then immediate cause of her death was another attack of erysipelas in the head, which she had not now the strength to "throw off." Under this additional affliction she lingered for two or three weeks, receiving every attention from her many affectionate friends, and kind neighbours, and the gratuitous, and most assiduous medical care of Dr. Grant, of Richmond. It was only at intervals that she was sensible of what was passing around her, and then she took pains to show how gratefully she appreciated the attentions she was receiving; and in the last flickering moments of consciousness, while commending herself to her Saviour and her God, her unselfish and loving soul forgot not to im-

plore blessings, with equal earnestness, upon her fellow-creatures, to promote whose improvement, and increase whose happiness, had been with her a "labour of love" all her life long.

The following sketch of some of the principal traits of her character, is from the pen of Mrs. HALL:

In her manners she was perfectly natural, and altogether free from the plague-spot that marks so many literary women—affectedness. Her accent still flavoured of Yorkshire; but her plainness of countenance was polished by the purest and gentlest benevolence. Ready wit, and a keen perception of the ludicrous prompted her to say, what, though true, would have been called severe if uttered by any one else, yet her natural dislike to occasion pain, healed before the reproved was conscious of a wound. My knowledge of Mrs. Hofland in the domestic relations was such as rendered me altogether forgetful of her literary fame. Some there are who find it difficult to act up to their own printed standard of excellence; but she in her own life was an example of patience, forbearance, and devotedness, which, if literally reckoned, could scarcely be believed. Her unselfishness was such as to deserve the term spiritual; and this extended to beyond her home. Her friends saw it exercised daily towards themselves.

It is to be wished that all literary women would thus "adorn" their honourable profession, not only fulfilling the great duty of using the talents bestowed upon them, but using them in humility. Conceit and affectedness, however they may be united with partial talent, are always the result of a want of understanding. Human pride is, in short, the most foolish of all follies. Sensible persons know that there is no real merit in being clever, and thus, they can feel that they possess more talent than another, or acknowledge the presence of superior abilities, in the one case without vanity, in the other without mortification. But, generally speaking, people of real talent are unassuming, except, perhaps, when they are very youthful, and very inexperienced. It is for the most part the merely *would-be* clever or literary, who blazon their pretensions, and bring unjustly a reproach on those, who, far superior in mind, are yet less obtrusive in manner.

Recollections and Experiences during a Parliamentary Career from 1833 to 1848. By JOHN O'CONNELL, Esq., M.P. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

SELDOM has author been fortunate in his subject, seldom has author so succeeded in reducing the interest of it to the smallest span within which it would be possible to contract so fertile a theme. As his father's right-hand—for he was not his second head—JOHN O'CONNELL was initiated into all the political mysteries of the memorable period to which these volumes are intended to be devoted. He might have gathered together such a mass of facts, to the world unknown, but necessary to a due understanding of the political history of the time, such a collection of anecdotes, sketches of character, and doings *behind the scenes*, as few books have ever exhibited. But, instead of facts, we are treated with disquisitions; instead of pictures of groups and portraits of personages, we have "my father" occupying the canvass to the exclusion of every other object. Mr. JOHN is not content with a plain narrative, such as the rich stores of his memory may have made as amusing, and as instructive too, as any publication of this century, and which would have had an enduring existence long after himself will be forgotten; but he must, forsooth, write as if he were scribbling articles for a newspaper, mingling with his descriptions

so much of small-talk and balderdash about himself and his wrongs, and the great DANIEL and his claims upon Ireland's gratitude, and very milk-and-water essays upon the various topics of the period to which his attention is turned for the moment! Now with all this the reader would gladly have dispensed. Everybody will be anxious to know what Mr. JOHN saw and heard during the sixteen years he was assisting his father in his career of successful agitation. But nobody cares what Mr. JOHN thinks about it; or what Mr. JOHN's views were; or how he considers such and such questions ought to be dealt with, and what he would do for Ireland; and less than nothing for the scraps which he has preserved of repeal oratory, never of much worth, now altogether valueless: mere froth and fume:

—a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying—nothing.

All this stuff eliminated, and there is a residue of about a volume of very readable, interesting, and really valuable matter, which perhaps, will suffice to redeem the whole from oblivion. A few extracts will assure the reader that he will have some amusement for his pains.

SIR R. PEEL ON THE COERCION BILL.

I do not remember at what exact period of the discussions upon that bill Sir Robert Peel addressed the House; but I well remember my anxiety to hear him, and the impression which he then made upon me, and which has not varied during the nineteen sessions that have since elapsed.

There is an elaborateness and an unmistakable evidence of *art* about all Sir Robert Peel's great displays, detracting materially from their effect. The observation struck me as very apt which I once heard from a lady on her first visit to the "Ventilator" (the "Ladies' Gallery" of the old house), that Sir R. Peel's manner and delivery were those of a clever schoolboy speaking a prize oration,—fluently, stiffly, and grandiloquently.

After getting accustomed to these peculiarities,—and you require to be accustomed to them,—real admiration begins. The thorough knowledge and management of his audience, playing with the hand of a master upon their passions and prejudices (for, strange to say, passions and prejudices do prevail even in the House of Commons), the skill, a little too evident, but yet very superior of its kind, with which he manages, when his purpose requires it, to wrap up a heap of nothings in a cloud of fine words, while at another moment he expresses in a sentence what it would cost an inferior man a whole speech to convey; the closeness and vigour of his reasoning, however defective the premises may be; his intimate and profound acquaintance with every department, and with the most intricate matters of public business; all these striking qualities command for him the riveted attention of the House, and make his opponents forget, for the time, the artifices, the plausibilities, and the commonplaces, which must ever keep him below the first rank among orators.

Mr. JOHN evidently looks upon Mr. FEAR-GUS O'CONNOR with the eye of a jealous rival, and tells some rather strange stories of him.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR'S BREAKS.

I have said that Feargus O'Connor carried the election. He did so by his energy, activity, and rough-and-ready oratory. He was everywhere and everything—speechifier, canvasser, lawyer, gutter-agent, mob-leader, &c., &c., and sorely puzzled his opponents by his eccentric departures from the old-established routine of electioneering.

Borough elections in Ireland, at that time, and indeed until 1846, could be extended over six days—that is to say, one nomination day, and five clear polling days; or four, if there had been any polling on the nomination day—and either party having the power to avail themselves of the extended term, it rarely happened that a contested election was concluded before the evening of the sixth day. In 1846, Mr. MacCarthy, then M.P. for Cork city, introduced and succeeded in

passing a measure which has restricted them to two days. Of course the extended term gave large opportunities for electioneering practices and devices of all kinds; and those opportunities were very largely used by both of "the high contesting parties" at Dungarvon in 1834. On the morning of the fourth day, when Mr. Jacob's opponents seemed fairly to have exhausted their quiver, and were nearly reduced to a confession of defeat, a sudden piece of intelligence came to revive their spirits and give them a new hope of success.

The forty shilling freeholders of Ireland were disfranchised, some immediately, and others prospectively, by a penal act against them, passed at the same time as the Catholic Relief Act of 1829, with a view, no doubt, of preventing the Irish from being too joyful and too grateful on that occasion. In Dungarvon there were a large number of these freeholders, whose tenure and vote hung upon a single life. This "life" suddenly determined during the election, and the men who had gone to bed "free and independent electors," got up next morning disfranchised, and no longer of value to either party. This was a heavy blow to us; for not only did we lose their help—the greatest number of them having given promises to Mr. Jacob—but the remainder of the diminished constituency began at once to give unmistakable symptoms that they now considered themselves too few in number to incur and bear alone the weight of the Duke of Devonshire's displeasure, or rather that of his agent, the late Colonel Curry.

All was dismay on our side, and corresponding exultation amongst the "happy family" of the combined whig, tory, and papist anti-repealers; when suddenly, on the hustings in the main square of the town, appeared Feargus O'Connor, *tanquam Deus ex machina*, to dissipate all our difficulties and set everything right again.

He loudly invited general attention, from enemies as well as friends, to the contents of a letter which he held in his hands, and which ran much as follows, as my recollection serves me:

"Lismore Castle, June, 1834.

"Sir,—In answer to your inquiry, I beg to state that, according to the latest instructions I have received from the Duke of Devonshire, his grace's Dungarvon tenants have his entire assent to the fullest and freest exercise of their voting privilege. Although himself opposed to the repeal question, the duke would consider it most unconstitutional and improper to interfere in any way with those who hold under him, as to their votes on this or any other occasion. You are therefore at perfect liberty, and have my warranty to say, that none of his tenants shall be punished or made to suffer for supporting the repeal candidate at this election.

"I have the honour to be, sir, &c.

"To Feargus O'Connor, Esq., M.P."

In the extremity of their astonishment at this unexpected manifesto, friends and foes called upon Mr. O'Connor to read it two or three times over. The effect was electrical—the deserters were stopped, the doubting were confirmed, the willing were cheered on. In the excitement and enthusiasm of the moment, there was a rush to the poll, half to gratify the common anxiety to support the repealer, and half to make sure of the votes before any change of mind on the part of his grace should be made known, if change there were. By four in the afternoon the die was cast. It was generally known that so many had polled on the repeal side that the election was virtually won, and that even, although the scanty remnant of the constituency were without exception to go upon the other side, Mr. Jacob's return was inevitable.

Another piece of intelligence was also spread about the same hour. It was announced that Col. Curry, agent to the Duke of Devonshire, had suddenly come into town—

"Bloody with spurring—fiery red with haste."

in a perfect storm of fury against a forgery which he had been informed had occurred of his name to be a pretended letter from him, authorizing his principal's tenants to vote according to their consciences. He indignantly denied that he ever had got, and therefore denied that he ever had transmitted, any such permission from his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; and he sent a most indignant summons to Mr. Feargus O'Connor to deliver up the letter at once, or stand charged with the forgery.

The summons was most promptly and immediately complied with by Mr. O'Connor; when it turned out that so great had been the astonishment of friend and foe at the contents of the body of the letter in the morning, that they had forgotten to ask for the name written at the bottom of it, which was not that of the representative or any subordinate of the house of Cavendish, but one of a much more extensive family, inasmuch as the name was "Ebenezer Humburg."

Here is another odd story of

MR. MONTGOMERY MARTIN.

In 1801, public breakfasts were got up on a large scale, at Home's hotel on Usher's Quay, where, while some made patriotic speeches, the rest of us devoured hot rolls and hot chops, and drank indifferent coffee and well watered tea, with great assiduity and perseverance, for the good of our country.

At one or two of these breakfasts, we were graced by the attendance of Mr. Montgomery Martin, the redoubtable pamphleteer against repeal. He was then, not only an ardent repealer, but something more—a good deal more than my father at all fancied.

During the proceedings he drew up on his head a red night-cap—as the Phrygian cap, the cap of liberty; and when my father insisted upon its removal, he took it off, only to put it on again when he had changed his place so as not to be seen from the head of the table. But the obnoxious cap was doomed to another and a final eclipse and disaster. The mirth of the gay meeting was rudely broken by a magistrate, who, followed by several policemen, presented himself at the door with the last new proclamation in his hands; and proceeding forthwith to read its contents, called upon all present to disperse. Mr. Martin seemed to consider it as an order to *disappear*, for he sunk, cap and all, under the table, and was seen no more!

As another instance of that gentleman's *quondam* devotion to the cause of repeal, which he has since assailed with so much misplaced ability, ingenuity, and dexterity, it may be recorded that in 1832, or 1833, he earnestly solicited Mr. O'Connell's support to a repeal newspaper he proposed to establish in London. Mr. O'Connell told him the attempt was hopeless: the repeal interest being far too weak even to afford a temporary support to an undertaking necessarily so costly. Mr. Martin would not be dissuaded; and Mr. O'Connell finally gave him a subscription, warning him, however, at the same time, that beyond the amount then given he could not go, as he saw not the least chance of success for the project. Mr. Martin persevered; and in three weeks' time, finding the loss severe, applied to Mr. O'Connell again, and was very angry to find that the latter reminded him of his previous warning.

The following is a graphic sketch of

MANNERS SUTTON.

Manners Sutton acted speaker very well—perhaps a little overacted it; but certainly looked and filled the part well. His chief faults were an imperiousness and hastiness of temper, and a not entire forgetfulness of the partisan in the discharge of his duties as arbiter and president of a political assembly; occasionally allowing too much of the intolerant arrogance which his party affected towards the Radicals to peep out, when he had to do with members belonging to the latter political denomination.

My father used to say that for the two first years of his parliamentary life he repeatedly remarked a deliberate neglect of him by the speaker, when endeavouring to catch the latter's eye. But he always added, that during the subsequent years, until Lord Canterbury's removal to the Upper House, matters were entirely changed in this respect, and there also seemed, as it were, an anxiety to make a kind of *reparation*.

Among the various little things which showed his Lordship's fondness for the externals of his dignity while Speaker, was the manner in which he used to keep in submissive attendance, at either side of his chair, the Members who wanted to get his signature to the tickets of admission for strangers. This custom, fruitful in annoyance to Members, and eminently so in disturbance to the business of the House, was done away with two years later, during the short Speakership of Mr. Abercrombie, the present Lord Dunfermline.

Mr. O'CONNELL'S memoirs abound in election reminiscences. Here is

AN IRISH ELECTION BILL.

I will now give a veritable "treating" bill, furnished at an Irish election, not a great number of years ago, to an Irish baronet since dead; a gentleman whose most respectable and excellent successor is now in the house, a living witness, if necessary, to the authenticity of this valuable document:

My Bill. Bryan Garity's mark.		£	s.	d.
"To ating (eating) 16 freeholders above stairs for Sir Marks, at three shillings and thruppence a head, is to me.....	2 12 0			
"To ating 16 more (!) below stairs, and two priests, after supper—[It was well the established church did not come in this fellow's way "after supper"] is to me.....	2 15 9			
"To six beds in one room, and four in another, at two guineas every bed; and not more than four in any one bed at any time; cheap enough, the Lord knows! is to me.....	22 15 0			
"To eighteen horses and five mewles [mules], at thirteen pence every one of them; and for a man which was lost (!) on the head of watching them all night, is to me.....	5 5 0			
"For breakfast on tay, in the morning for every one of them [horses and mewles too, it is to be hoped], and as many more as they brought, as near as I can guess, is to me.....	4 12 0			
"To raw whiskey and punch, without talking of pipes or tobacco, as well as for porter; and as well as for breaking the potato-pot and other glasses (!) and delf, for the first day and night I am not very sure [conscientious fellow!] but for the three days and a half of the election, as little as I can call it, and to be very exact (!), it is in all, or thereabouts, as near as I can guess, and not to be too particular, it is to me, at the least.....	79 15 0			
"Sir Marks," whoever he was, cannot have resisted payment of this last item at any rate, after so many careful reservations put around to make it safe. But we have not by any means got to the end of the account.				
"For shaving and cropping off the heads (!!!) of 49 freeholders for Sir Marks [not stated, by the way, whether for dinner or supper], at thirteen pence every head of them, by my brother, who has a wote [a vote], is to me.....	2 13 1			
"For a womit [w in place of v], and nurse for poor Tim Kiernan in the middle of the night, when he was not expected [i. e. not expected to live], is to me ten hog [Anglicè].....	0 10 10			
"Signed in the place of Jemmy Carr's wife (!) his				
"BRYAN GARTY, mark.				
"Sum of the total, [otherwise, "tottle of the hull."]				
£ s. d.				
2 12 00 (!)				
2 15 09				
22 15 00				
5 5 0				
4 12 00				
79 15 00 (!)				
2 13 01 (!)				
10 10				
£110 18 7				

"You may say 1111; so please your honour, Sir Marks, send me this eleven hundreds pounds (!!!) by Bryan himself"—[it would have been a pity not, after his drawing up such a bill for Jemmy Carr's wife] "send it to me by Bryan himself, who and I prays for your success always in T—, and no more at present."

PHILOSOPHY.

Elocution; or, Mental and Vocal Philosophy, involving the Principles of Reading and Speaking, and designed for the Development and Cultivation of both Body and Mind, in accordance with the Nature, Uses, and Destiny of Man. Illustrated by Two or Three Hundred choice Anecdotes, Three Thousand Oratorical and Poetical Readings, Five Thousand Proverbs, Maxims, and Laconics, and Several Hundred elegant Engravings. By C. P. BRONSON, A.M., M.D. Twenty-fourth edition. Twenty-fifth thousand. Louisville: Morton and Griswold. New York: A. S. Barnes and Co. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite, and Co., and Grigg and Elliott. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Co.

WE think a review of a book with such a title page as the above, a work of supererogation. It is its own advertisement, and we should think its own critique. The author seems to have forgotten that

"Shakspeare says 'tis very silly
"To add scent to the violet, or paint the lily."

He has "out-Heroded Herod," and has certainly given us "multum" though not "in parvo." Our Transatlantic friends are so accustomed to the immense geographical scale of their country, that their literature seems a kind of reflection thereof. In the old world a man writes a book on one subject; but not so in the far West, where they are poly-professors—a work is there represented to comprise the whole catalogue of known sciences, and something more. It reminds us of a storehouse in a new colony, where the merchant retails everything, from a red herring to a silk dress. All nations have their characteristic absurdities, that of hyperbole may certainly be reckoned among the number of American follies. All their jokes are of this kind, and humour we hold to be the truest revelation of a man's nature, upon the same principle as "in vino veritas." Apropos of humour, we must not forget to notice the "three hundred choice anecdotes." From this heterogeneous miscellany, this literary omnibus, drawn by fifty-horse power, we extract the following as examples of the collection.

Double Meaning.—An illiterate personage, who always volunteered to go round with his hat, was suspected of sparing his own pocket. Overhearing one day, a remark to that effect, he made the following reply: "Other gentlemen puts down what they think proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is nothing to nobody."

Afraid of Work.—A person once said to a father, whose son was noted for his laziness, that he thought his son was very much afraid of work. "Afraid of work?" replied the father; "not at all—he will lie down and go to sleep close by the side of it."

"I suppose" (said an arrant quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient), "that you think me a fool." "Sir" (replied the sick man), "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

An agent soliciting subscribers for a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who, after reading—"one dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep,"—declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand when called upon for payment.

Is it a jest book then? By no means. It is, or rather it imports to be, a philosophical work on elocution, "and the development and cultivation of both mind and body." A comprehensive subject, truly!! and one by no means deficient in matter, as "the three thousand oratorical readings," and "The five thousand proverbs and laconics," testify. We are glad

to see that the colossian mind, which could grasp this variety, has not forgotten his ancestral connexion with England. There are striking evidences of the fact in his Americanized stories from Joe Miller, besides a few other English leaves, which he has cut and dried for his own herbal. But there is something great about the man; he reminds us of DEMOSTHENES—not in his "Philippics," but in the circumstance of his having to overcome natural disadvantages. The Grecian had an impediment in his speech, the Yankee, a nasal twang. They both studied elocution; DEMOSTHENES became an orator, BRONSON a lecturer. Whether the former overcame his natural defect, we will not inquire, but this we know, that his speech became an impediment to PHILIP of Macedon; and fifty American newspapers bear witness to the extraordinary abilities and wonderful success of the latter.

We will conclude, however, by saying that should Dr. BRONSON lecture in England, and perhaps, among his numerous qualifications, he is ubiquitous, he may possibly deliver his orations at all the literary and scientific institutions simultaneously. Should such an event transpire, we will undoubtedly go to hear him, and we hope we may not be disappointed, for we should be sorry to lose such amusement as we think it likely Dr. BRONSON would afford us. But before finally concluding, we wish to assure our readers that this is not meant for a review of the work: that would require, according to American computation, at least five hundred CRITICS, and three thousand notices. Therefore we can only say in newspaper parlance, "That our limits will not permit us to enter on the subject."

An Essay on the Source and Constitution of the English Language, &c. By BENJAMIN CLARKE. London: Collins.

THIS is a reprint of an essay prefixed as an introduction to Mr. COLLINS'S "New Universal Dictionary," and is creditable to the learning, research, and reflecting powers of the author. He has traced the origin of language, so far as any tolerable guess may be adventured, for of facts there are of course very few. All such works as this are necessarily made up, in great degree, of conjecture; and to that Mr. CLARKE has added some truisms, such as that which opens his third chapter on the Conception and Expression of Ideas:—"Whatever may have been the original language of mankind, it is but reasonable to suppose that it was based on something generally analogous, and adapted to the constitution of human nature." This is certainly an undeniable proposition, and there are many of such; but mingled with them are some really profound remarks having some claim to originality; and, upon the whole, we may commend this essay to the notice of such of our readers as the subject may interest.

SCIENCE.

The Poetry of Science, or the Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature. By ROBERT HUNT, author of "Researches on Light," &c. Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

THIS work is a kind of lunar reflection of Mrs. SOMERVILLE'S *Connexion of the Physical Sciences*. The facts are much the same, but the poetic veil of moonlight is thrown over all; the silvery rays play round the stern outlines till they fade into beauty. Is it, then, as its title imports, *The Poetry of Science*? Scarcely so, for it takes away the ingredients that are necessary for poetry. The author banishes wonder, and gives explanations of those mysteries which were the poet's peculiar heritage. The oracle is to be trusted,—believed in no more,

its sanctity is departed, and with it the halo of its glory. Truth has triumphed, but poetry has suffered by the vanished illusion. The ideal must always be beyond the real, the tangible, the explicable. It is that undefined mystery that constitutes the charm. It is the felt, but untold, something in the poet's fancies which chain the imagination. The true magic lies in obscurity of shade, rather than clearness of sunshine. The fairies of the hills,—the spirits of the elements—the nereids of the fountain, are replaced by Mr. HUNT by the laws of optics, electricity, and gravitation. He has made the daylight of science dawn on the night of poetry, but the one has come to usurp the place of the other; for the two sovereigns cannot both govern in this realm of nature. Neither Poetry nor Science can bear "a brother near his throne." They may have alternate power over man, but they rule not together at one time. The one reciprocates the feelings of the heart, the other proves the deductions of reason. Both are beautiful, but both are not poetic. "The laws of disease," said a member of the medical profession, "are beautiful," and so are the laws of nature beautiful in their harmony. Poetry is opposed to science, yet the one is not *false* in contradistinction to the *truth* of the other. Poetry is *always* spiritually, but *not always* materially, true. It is a mirror on which the inmost nature of man is reflected,—it is the prism through which he looks at external objects, and they are coloured by the varied rays. Science is alternately the telescope or microscope of nature. The prism gives to objects hues and beauties not their own—the microscope shows them as they are in reality, leading the mind on to an infinite deduction of facts.

Though we have disputed the appropriateness of the title of this work, from the opposing nature of the terms poetry and science, we do not extend our disapprobation to the book itself. Considered in reference to this title, the author has failed to support his own views; but he has, nevertheless, written a very interesting treatise on the physical phenomena of nature. The peculiarity of Mr. HUNT's book is, that he has treated gravitation, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, geology, and affinity, without the usual pedantry which distinguishes writers on these subjects. He has certainly succeeded in throwing a more common interest round the generalities of science. He does not enter into those mysteries which can only be comprehended by the initiated, but he groups various laws of creation and facts of science to form a pretty picture. Something, perhaps, is sacrificed to effect, the shade is made a little deeper here, and there the light is thrown to suit the *tout ensemble*, rather than logically to elucidate the subject. The following extract will give the reader an idea of Mr. HUNT's style, which is perspicuous, though sometimes rhetorical:

We see in light a principle which, if it has not its source in the sun, is certainly dependent upon that luminary for its manifestations and powers. From "that fountain of light," we find this principle travelling to us at a speed which almost approaches the quickness of thought itself; yet, by the refinements of science, we have been able to measure its velocity with the utmost accuracy. The immortal poet of our own land and language, in his creation of Ariel, "that tricky spirit," who could creep like music upon the waters, and girdle the earth in thirty minutes, appears to have approached to the highest point to which mere imagination could carry the human mind as to the powers of things ethereal. Science has, since then,

shown to man that this, "spirit, fine spirit," was a lagard in his tasks and a gross piece of matter, when compared with the sublime essences which man, like a nobler Prospero, has now subdued to do him service. Light is necessary to life; the world was a dead chaos before its creation, and mute disorder would again be the consequence of its annihilation. Every charm which spreads itself over this rolling globe, is directly dependent on this luminous power. Colours, and often, probably, forms, are the result of light, certainly the consequence of solar radiations. We know much of the mysterious influences of this great agent, but we know nothing of the principle itself. The solar beam has been tortured through prismatic glasses and natural crystals. Every chemical agent has been tried upon it—every electrical force in the most excited state brought to bear upon its operations, with a view to the discovery of the most refined of earthly agencies; but it has passed through every test without revealing its secrets; and even the effects which it produces in its path are unexplained problems still to tax the intellects of man. Every animal and every plant is impelled to own that life and health are due to light; and even the crystallizing forms of inorganic matter, by bending towards it, confess its all-prevailing sway. From the sun to every planet revolving round that orb, and to the remotest stars which gleam through the vast immensity of heaven, we discover this power still in its brightness; giving beauty and order to their unnumbered creations no less completely than to this small island of the universe. Through every form of matter we can mark its power, and from all we can, under certain conditions, evoke its lustre and activity. Over all, and through all, light spreads its ethereal force, and manifests in all its operations, powers which might well exalt the mind of Plato to the idea of an omniscient and omnipresent God. Science, with her Ithuriel wand has, however, shown that light itself is an effect of a yet more exalted cause.

This reminds us a little of St. PIERRE'S *Etudes de la Nature*. Mr. HUNT's work is well calculated to interest the minds of those who have not made the physical sciences a study, by showing them the wonders and beauties by which they are surrounded. Accustomed from infancy to see the miracles of creation before us, we do not, without an exercise of mind, comprehend the nature of the vast mechanism which supports the material worlds of space; or even rightly contemplate the infinity of atoms which compose those bodies, the powers which sustain, and the forces which direct them. The drifting of a summer cloud, the falling of a rain drop, the gathering of the winter storm, the ebb and flow of the ocean, are in obedience to the wonderful laws of nature, or, as we term, it of science; yet how unheeded. But could we imagine the curtain of the universe suddenly withdrawn before a being who had attained to maturity of intellect, he would, as the Psalmist says, "be lost in wonder, love and praise."

It is, indeed, a happy circumstance in the constitution of man, that the more he advances in scientific research, the more he contemplates the arcana of nature, so much the more are his ideas enlarged concerning the Deity. Thus the mind is led on, in "infinite progression." But these remarks, though not foreign to the subject, are somewhat digressive from the criticism on the work itself.

Mr. HUNT's style is peculiarly suggestive; it induces the thoughts to wander into other scenes, and to form themselves into other combinations; but still the fancy returns from its erratic flight, with renewed interest in the open page, for there is fresh matter for thought. After being so long in the clouds we shall not be surprised to find ourselves approaching the stars. Speaking of the Nebular Hypothesis, Mr. HUNT says,

The careful study of the conditions of our own globe is in favour of the assumption of the existence of neb-

ulous matter. By the process of art and manufacture, by the operation of those powers on which organization and life depend, solid matter is constantly poured off in such a state that it cannot be detected *as matter* by any of the human senses. Yet a thousand and a thousand results daily and hourly accumulating as truths around us, prove that the solid metals, the gross earths, and the constituents of animal and vegetable life, all pass away invisible to us, and become "thin air." We know that floating around us, these volatilized bodies existed in some form or other, and numerous experiments in chemistry are calculated to convince us that the most attenuated air is capable, with a slight change of circumstances, of being converted into the condition of solid masses. Hydrogen gas, the lightest, the most ethereal of the chemical elements, dissolves iron and zinc, arsenic, sulphur, and carbon, and from the transparent combinations thus formed, we can with facility separate these ponderous bodies. Such substances must exist in our own atmosphere; why not in the regions of space? Whether this planet ever floated a mass of nebulous matter, only known by its dim and filmy light, or comet-like rushed through space with eccentric orbit, are questions which can only receive the reply of speculative minds. Whether the earth and the other members of the solar system were ever parts of a central sun, and thrown from it by some mighty convulsion, though now revolving with all the other masses around that orb, chained in their circuits by some infinite power, is beyond the utmost refinements of science to discover. This hypothesis is, however, in its sublime conception, worthy of the master-mind that gave it birth.

From another portion of the work we extract the following, which is more descriptive than scientific: it is both pleasing and florid in style:

There is a remarkable correspondence between the geographical position of a region and the colours of its plants and animals. Within the Tropics, where

The sun shines for ever unchangeably bright,

the darkest green prevails over the leaves of plants, the flowers and fruits are tinged with colours of the deepest dye, whilst the plumage of the birds is of the most variegated description and of the richest hues. In the people also of these climes there is manifested a desire for the most striking colours, and their dresses have all a distinguishing character, not of shape merely, but of chromatic arrangements. In the temperate climates everything is of a more subdued variety: the flowers are less bright of hue; the prevailing tint of the winged tribes is a russet brown; and the dresses of the inhabitants of these regions are of a sombre character. In the colder portions of the earth, there is but little colour; the flowers are generally white or yellow, and the animals exhibit no other contrast than that which white and black afford. A chromatic scale might be formed, its maximum point being at the Equator and its minimum at the Poles.

The influence of light on the colours of organized creation is well shown in the sea. Near the shores we find sea-weeds of the most beautiful tinctures, particularly on the rocks which are left dry by the tides; and the rich hues of the actinia, which inhabit shallow water, must have been often observed. The fishes which swim near the surface are also distinguished by the variety of their colours, whereas those which live at greater depths are grey, brown, or black. It has been found that after a certain depth, where the quantity of light is so reduced that a mere twilight prevails, the inhabitants of the ocean become nearly colourless. That the sun's rays alone gives to plants the property of reflecting colour, is proved by the process of blanching, or the etiolated state produced by artificially excluding them from light.

With some reservations as to its entire correctness in every minutia, we still recommend this work strongly to our readers. Of course it does not profess to originality of matter, because established scientific facts are the subjects treated of, but the relation in which the various phenomena of nature stand is illustrated in a manner that cannot fail to be interesting to all contemplative minds.

Health made Easy for the People. By J. BENTLEY. 1849.

A LITTLE volume familiarly describing the first principles of animal physiology, and the laws of health thence deduced. Its style is familiar, it avoids technicalities, and it is illustrated with engravings.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Letters from the Alleghany Mountains. By CHARLES LANMAN, author of "A Tour to the River Sagenay," &c. London: Delf.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

JUDGING by some parts of his narrative, one would conclude that Mr. LANMAN is no American. His hatred of the governments who, through a long series of years persecuted and ultimately drove from their homes and their country the majority of the Indian tribes of America, is often expressed in very plain terms. But a perusal of the volume will convince any candid reader that Mr. LANMAN's warmth is well placed. He has collected a mass of facts and a host of traditions that show the nature of the red Indians to be peculiarly susceptible to kindness, and that prove them to be fond of knowledge and ready to receive instruction. Their love of fatherland was betrayed in many affecting ways. Their desire to be friendly with the monopolising and intruding whites was frequently shown in acts of brotherly kindness, and in reciprocal overtures. The sketch of one member of this persecuted race—persecuted, too, so severely, in the cause of civilization, and by a people!—will serve to furnish our readers with an idea of the justice of Mr. LANMAN's philanthropy in befriending them and in lamenting their fate. He thus pictures an Indian chief:

YO-NA-GUS-KA, OR THE DROWNING BEAR.

He was the principal chief of the Qualla Indians, and died in the year 1838, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. When the Cherokees were invited to remove west of the Mississippi in 1809, he petitioned President Jefferson that he might be permitted to remain with his followers, among his native mountains, and his prayer was granted. He was eminently a peace chief, but obstinately declined every invitation of the government to emigrate, and would probably have shed his blood and that of all his warriors in defending his rights. When about sixty years of age he had a severe fit of sickness, which terminated in a trance; this apparent suspension of all his faculties lasted about twenty-four hours, during which period he was supposed to be dead. It so happened, however, that he recovered, and on resuming his speech, told his attendants that he had been to the spirit land, and held communion with his friends who had been long dead; that they were all very happy. He also stated that he had seen many white men, and that some of them appeared to be unhappy. The Great Spirit talked with him, and told him his time was not yet come to leave the world; that he had been a good and honest man, and that he must return to his people, and govern them with great care and affection, so that he might finally come and live with the Great Spirit for ever.

This sensible savage established among his people a temperance society, adopting this laconic pledge—"The undersigned agree to drink no more whiskey;" and although he had himself been extremely dissipated during a period of thirty years, he was never known, even in the way of medicine, to touch a drop of spirits after his first temperance speech. Mr. LANMAN thus continues:

extensive visitation of Yo-na-gus-ka as an orator was co-stood the art of working upon the He not only understood the art of working upon the He not only understood his thoughts in the most appropriate imagery, but the thoughts themselves were invariably sound, and his arguments unanswerable. From many examples of his

reasoning I select one. When once invited by the officers of Government to remove westward, even after he and his people had become citizenized, he was informed that in the West he would have an abundance of the most fertile land, with plenty of game; also a government of his own; that he would be undisturbed by the whites, and that the United States government would ever protect him from future molestation. In replying to this invitation, as he stood in the midst of armed soldiers, he remarked in substance as follows:—"I am an old man, and have counted the snows of almost eighty winters. My hair, which is now very white, was once like the raven's wing. I can remember when the white man had not seen the smoke of our cabins westward of the Blue Ridge, and I have watched the establishment of all his settlements, even to the Father of Waters. The march of the white is still toward the setting sun, and I know that he will never be satisfied until he reaches the shore of the great water. It is foolish in you to tell me that the whites will not trouble the poor Cherokee in the western country. The white man's nature and the Indian's fate tell a different story. Sooner or later one government must cover the whole continent, and the red people, if not scattered among the autumn leaves, will become a part of the American nation. As to the white man's promises of protection, they have been too often broken; they are like the reeds in yonder river—they are all lies. North Carolina had acknowledged our title to these lands, and the United States had guaranteed that title; but all this did not prevent the Government from taking away our lands by force; and not only that, but sold the very cow of the poor Indian, and his gun, so as to compel him to leave his country. Is this what the white man calls justice and protection? No, we will not go to the West. We wanted to become the children of North Carolina, and she has received us as such, and passed a law for our protection, and we will continue to raise our corn in this very land."

When Yo-na-gus-ka was about to die, he summoned his chiefs and warriors by his bed-side, and talked to them at great length upon the importance of temperance, and in opposition to the idea of their emigrating to the West, and made them swear that they would never abandon the graves of their fathers, or his own grave, which is now marked by a pile of stones on the margin of the Soco. In personal appearance he was very handsome, and left two wives. He was the owner of considerable property, and among his possessions was an old negro named Cudjo. This man is now living, and on questioning him about his former master he replied:—"If Yo-na-gus-ka had had learning, I believe he'd been a very great man. He never allowed himself to be called master, for he said Cudjo was his brother, and not his slave. He was a great friend of mine, and when he died I felt as if I didn't care about living any longer myself; but Yo-na-gus-ka is gone, and poor old Cudjo is still alive and well."

The wanderings of the author in Carolina are less productive of novelty than his progress through Georgia. The Alleghanies are here less strikingly grand, and the country is more numerously inhabited. Still the descriptions will repay perusal. Mr. LANMAN gives a very general but brief statement of the moral and social condition of

THE CHEROKEE INDIANS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

About three-fourths of the entire population can read in their own language, and though the majority of them understand English, a very few can speak the language. They practise, to a considerable extent, the science of agriculture, and have acquired such a knowledge of the mechanic arts as answers them for all ordinary purposes, for they manufacture their own clothing, their own ploughs, and other farming utensils, their own axes, and even their own guns. Their women are no longer treated as slaves, but as equals; the men labour in the fields, and their wives are devoted entirely to household employments. They keep the same domestic animals that are kept by their white neighbours, and cultivate all the common grains of the country. They are probably as temperate as any other class of people on the earth, honest in their business intercourse, moral in their thoughts, words, and deeds, and distinguished for their faithfulness in performing the duties

of religion. They are chiefly Methodists and Baptists, and have regularly ordained ministers, who preach to them on every Sabbath, and they have also abandoned many of their more senseless superstitions. They have their own courts, and try their criminals by a regular jury. Their judges and lawyers are chosen from among themselves. They keep in order the public roads leading through their settlement. By a law of the state they have the right to vote, but seldom exercise that right, as they do not like the idea of being identified with any of the political parties. Excepting on festive days, they dress after the manner of the white man, but far more picturesquely. They live in small log houses of their own construction, and have everything they need or desire in the way of food. They are, in fact, the happiest community that I have yet met with in this Southern country, and no candid man can visit them without being convinced of the wickedness and foolishness of that policy of the Government which has always acted upon the opinion that the red man could not be educated into a reasonable being.

The descriptions of natural objects of curiosity, which throughout the volume are numerous, are in this part very interesting. Its brevity commends to our notice this account of

THE PAINTED ROCKS.

About six miles from the warm springs, and directly on the Tennessee line, are located a brotherhood of perpendicular cliffs, which are known as *The Painted Rocks*. They are of limestone, and rise from the margin of the French Broad to the height of two, three, and four hundred feet. They are of a yellowish cast, owing to the drippings of a mineral matter, and in form as irregular and fantastic as can well be imagined. They extend along the river nearly a mile, and at every step present new phases of beauty and grandeur. Taken separately it requires but a trifling effort of the fancy to find among them towers, ramparts, and moats, steeples and domes in great abundance; but when taken as a whole and viewed from the opposite bank of the river, they present the appearance of a once magnificent city in ruins. Not only are they exceedingly beautiful in themselves, but the surrounding scenery is highly attractive, for the mountains seem to have huddled themselves together, for the purpose of looking down upon and admiring the winding and rapid stream.

In conclusion, we can only say that Mr. LANMAN's volume is a valuable addition to literature which the mother country should heartily greet.

The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria. By GEORGE DENNIS. London: Murray.

THERE is a peculiar halo round everything connected with Etruria. It is a nation which has past away, leaving fewer historical records than almost any other. But it has left works of art and architecture, which testify to a high degree of civilization. The cities and cemeteries of Etruria have long been objects of interest and attention to travellers, and we think we do not err in saying, that to all such Mr. DENNIS's work will prove a most excellent guide-book. But it possesses higher merits,—it is a valuable addition to archaeological literature. The details of the ruins and relics are close and elaborate, while the descriptions of scenery and incidents of personal adventure, relieve the work from heaviness. The following extract partakes of the latter character:

Every time I visit Veii I am struck with the rapid progress of destruction. Nibby and Gell mention many remains which are no longer visible. The site has less to show on every succeeding year. Even masonry, such as the pier of the bridge over the Fosso di Formello, that from its massiveness might defy the pilferings of the peasantry, is torn to pieces, and the blocks removed to form walls or houses elsewhere; so that ere long I fear it will be said of Veii, "Her very ruins have perished"—*etiam periére ruinae*.

Occasionally, in my wanderings on this site, I have entered, either from curiosity or for shelter, one of the capanne scattered over the downs: these are tall, conical, thatched huts, which the shepherds make their winter abode; for in Italy, the low lands being generally unhealthy in summer, the flocks are driven to the mountains about May, and as soon as the great heats are past are brought back to the richer pastures of the plains. It is a curious sight, the interior of a capanna, and affords an agreeable diversity to the antiquity-hunter. A little boldness is requisite to pass through the pack of dogs, white as new-dropped lambs, but large and fierce as wolves, which, were the shepherd not at hand, would tear in pieces whoever might venture to approach the hut; but with one of the pecoraj for a Teucer, nothing is to be feared. The capanne are of various sizes. One I entered not far from Veii was thirty or forty feet in diameter, and fully as high, propped in the centre by two rough masts, between which a hole was left in the roof for the escape of smoke. Within the door lay a large pile of lambs—there might be a hundred—killed that morning and already flayed; and a number of shepherds were busied in operating on the carcasses of others; all of which were to be despatched forthwith to the Roman market. Though a fierce May sun blazed without, a huge fire roared in the middle of the hut; but this was for the sake of the ricotta, which was being made in another part of the capanna. Here stood a huge cauldron, full of boiling ewes-milk: in a warm state this curd is a delicious jelly, and has often tempted me to enter a capanna in quest of it, to the amazement of the pecoraj, to whom it is "vilior alga." Lord of the cauldron, stood a man dispensing ladlesfull of the rich simmering mess to his fellows, as they brought their bowls for their morning's allowance; and he varied his occupation by pouring the same into certain small baskets; the serous parts running off through the wicker, and the residue caking as it cooled. On the same board stood the cheeses, previously made from the cream. In this hut lived twenty-five men, their nether limbs clad in goat-skins, with the hair outwards, realizing the satyrs of ancient fable: but they had no nymphs to tease nor shepherdess to woo; and never

'sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida.

They were a band of celibates, without the vows. In such huts they dwell all the year round, flaying lambs or shearing sheep, living on bread, ricotta, and water, very rarely tasting meat or wine, and sleeping on shelves ranged round the hut like berths in a ship's cabin. Thus are the dreams of Arcadia dispelled by realities.

The learned author speculates at considerable length on the history of Etruria, her institutions and social customs. He considers that their oligarchical, or rather theocratic, form of government tended to retard the national progress. They possessed internal strength, we know from the fact of their repulsing the Romans, in the early days of that Republic, but they do not appear to have had any individual prowess. They were probably, if we except their wars with the Romans, one of those nations, of whom some one says "happy are the people who can supply few events for the pen of the historian." It has been said, Etruria had no HERODOTUS, nor THUCYDIDES. If she had boasted heroes, she would have found historians. We hear nothing of her philosophers, if any such there were. The priesthood possessed too much influence; their thrones were raised on the hereditary power of mystery,—the chains of superstition were the laws of government. They held the people in bondage, they stultified all mental efforts, for that would involve emancipation, as surely as all effects succeed their cause. Advancement of mind was insurrection against the body-politic. The people were kept in a state of serfdom, and had no voice in the government; can it be a matter of surprise, then, that Etru-

ria added nothing to the list of ancient sages and heroes? Material arts were encouraged rather than the sciences. Hence their minuteness of design,—their paucity of great intellects. On this subject Mr. DENNIS says:

In the mass rather than in the individual; it was the result of a set system, not of personal energy and excellence; its tendency was stationary rather than progressive; its object was to improve the physical condition of the people, and to minister to luxury rather than to advance and elevate the nobler faculties of human nature. In all this it assimilated to the civilization of the East. It had not the earnest germ of development, the intense vitality which existed in Greece. It could never have produced a Plato, a Desmosthenes, a Thucydides, or a Phidias. Yet, while inferior to her illustrious contemporary in intellectual vigour and eminence, Etruria was in advance of her in her social condition and in certain respects in physical civilization,—or that state in which the arts and sciences are made to minister to comfort and luxury. The health and cleanliness of her towns were insured by a system of sewerage, vestiges of which may be seen on many Etruscan sites; and the Cloaca Maxima will be a memorial to all time of the attention paid by the Etruscans to drainage. Yet this is said to have been neglected by the Greeks. In her internal communication, also, Etruria shows her advance in physical civilization. Few extant remains of paved ways, it is true, can be pronounced Etruscan; but in the neighbourhood of most of her cities are traces of roads cut in the rocks,—sometimes flanked with tombs, or even marked with inscriptions determining their antiquity,—and generally having water-channels or gutters to keep them dry and clean. The Etruscans were also skilled in controlling the injurious processes of nature. They drained lakes by cutting tunnels through the hearts of mountains; and they diverted the course of rivers to reclaim low and marshy ground, just as the Val di Chiana has been reclaimed in our own times. And these grand works are not only still extant,—some are even efficient as ever after the lapse of so many centuries. That the Etruscans were eminently skilled in tunnelling, excavating, and giving form and beauty to shapeless rocks and for useful purposes, is a fact impressed on the mind of every one who visits the land. Their tombs were all subterranean and, with few exceptions, hewn in the rock, after the manner of the Egyptians and other people of the East. In truth, in no point is the oriental character of the Etruscans more obviously marked than in the sepulchres; and modern researches are daily bringing to light fresh analogies to the tombs of Lycia, Phrygia, Lydia, or Egypt.

Various have been the speculations as to the origin of Etruria. Asia Minor, Egypt, the North of Europe even, have been assigned as the places from whence the Tuscans came. Their arts have much of the Egyptian character, which goes far to support though it does not prove that Etruria was colonized from the Nile. We subjoin some of Mr. DENNIS's descriptions of the relics found in this interesting country:

Figures of deities, chimæras, and other symbols of Etruscan creed: more rarely myths, and scenes illustrative of native life and customs. Though the most ancient in style, this pottery is not necessarily so in fact; as the peculiarities of a remote period may have been conventionally preserved through a long course of ages. The painted vases may be divided into three grand classes—First, the Egyptian, or, as it is sometimes called, from the oriental deities and chimæras represented, the Phœnician or Babylonian Phœnician style. This class is undoubtedly the earliest; a fact proved by the rudeness of the design, the inferiority in form and workmanship, and the general primitive character. The figures which are painted on the pale yellow ground of the clay, are arranged in several bands round the vase, and are brown rather than black, varied occasionally with purple, white, or red. They consist chiefly of wild beasts or of cattle or of chimæras; arranged in pairs of opposite natures, either facing each other, or engaged in combat—the principle of antagonism being obviously set forth. Mixed with them are quaint flowers and foliage,—especially the lotus.

The design on these vases corresponds in greater part with that on the earliest painted tombs, and also with the most archaic Etruscan bronzes. The second class of vases is that commonly designated Etruscan, but the more correct appellation would be "Archaic Greek;" for such is the character of the design, and the subjects and inscriptions attached are equally Hellenic. This style is found on vases of much more beauty of form and workmanship, and of much greater variety; but the most common descriptions are the amphora, or wine jar,—the hydria, or water jar,—and the celebe, or mixing vase.

The Painted Tombs is a most important class of monuments; for the variety and interest of the subjects represented, and the light which they throw on the customs, domestic manners, and religious creed of the Etruscans, as well as on the progress and extent of the Pictorial Art among them. They show us Etruscan art in various stages of excellence, from its infancy to its perfection; some being coeval, it may be, with the foundation of Rome, others as late as the Empire,—some almost Egyptian in character, others peculiarly native,—some, again, decidedly Greek in imitation, if not in execution,—others like the Roman frescoes of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In the tomb of Veii we have the rudeness and conventionality of very early art—and no attempt to imitate the colouring of nature. In the earliest tombs of Tarquinii, though of later date, the Egyptian character and physiognomy are still more strongly pronounced. Of better style are other tomb paintings which have a native character,—and better still some which breathe of Greece.

This work recommends itself to all who are interested in the subject of which it treats. We can assure our readers, that the accurate observation and great erudition of the author has enabled him to fulfil his task with eminent success.

FICTION.

Ernest Vane. By ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE, M.P. In 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1849.

MR. COCHRANE is to be commended for his courage in adventuring a novel in two volumes instead of the conventional three, and avowing the authorship instead of courting the mystery of the anonymous. But he has no cause to regret either of these novelties. His plot has gained by compression, and his reputation will be increased by this new effort of his genius. *Ernest Vane* is intended to introduce a series of characters representing classes found in the society of our own time, and which Mr. COCHRANE has drawn with fidelity, because he has drawn from the life, availing himself of the peculiar advantages which he enjoys, by reason of his own social position, to observe the real manners, conversation, and opinions of those who are usually depicted by novelists from hearsay or imagination, and not from personal knowledge. Thus, Mr. LESLIE represents the money-lords; the race, almost peculiar to our own times, who have claimed to rank with nobility by reason of their wealth, and who have succeeded in pushing their way into society and alliances far above them by means of sumptuous dinners and princely settlements on sons and daughters. Lord ELVERSFOOT personifies the ancient noblesse, who are outdone in grandeur by their ignoble rivals of the desk and the loom, and fall back upon their pedigrees and their pride, and are often driven to consent to an unworthy alliance for the sake of the riches that are required to relieve their estates from mortgage and restore the family to the wealth, without which the longest pedigree is of no avail for that personal and political influence which is the honourable aim of every man born to rank. LUTTRELL, the son of this

proud peer, is a fashionable profligate, often found in novels, but sketched with a masterly hand by Mr. COCHRANE. His hero, ERNEST VANE, is the least interesting and the least genuine, of his personages. He is probably intended to be a type of the Young England party, but if a true one, it must be confessed that it is not a very hopeful company. ERNEST VANE is dreamy and impractical, abounding in sentiment, but lacking action, talking very finely and nobly of ends, without ever attempting to indicate the means. It is to be feared that this is but too faithful a portrait of the party from whom so much had been expected. They have proved themselves to be sadly wanting in that practical ability which is of the essence of statesmanship. Mere phrases, however eloquent, and mere feelings, however humane, are of no worth unless united with a genius for action. It is this defect that has made them powerless as a party in the House of Commons, where men meet to *do* and not to *talk*, and therefore look to their orators for facts and plans, and care nothing for poetry and sentiment.

Mr. COCHRANE's style verges upon the brilliant; it is lively and full of point, displaying a vivid fancy and some wit. He does not waste words; his descriptions are short and graphic, and his dialogues are really conversational. At times, when the occasion requires, he rises into eloquence and almost into poetry. Compared with the mass of novels, *Ernest Vane* takes a very high place, and there can be no hesitation in recommending it to the book-club as well as to the circulating library—a compliment which we are enabled to pay to but few of the fictions which the year produces.

We will be brief with extract, for every one of our readers will probably peruse the work itself.

There is great merit in this picture of

A RUINED ROUE.

It was a cold bitter November night, about three years after these events had taken place; the sleet had been drifting down the streets, leaving the pavement slippery and dangerous. In a low quarter of London, in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, a man might be seen reeling his way, it might be homeward, or perhaps rather in search of a home. He was thin, emaciated by illness and low dissipation; there were, however, the evidences of refinement in his features; his hands, white and delicate, proved that he had once lived in a very different society to that which inhabited this district. It was Luttrell, or, as he now called himself, Mr. Spence. After the fatal duel we have described, he was compelled to conceal himself for a long time. There was something so atrocious in the whole case, that even his old friends could not take his part. Lord Elversfoot would not hear his name mentioned. As for Lady Sandbeck, she died a few months afterwards, leaving everything to a distant relative. The Government going out of office in 1834, drove Lord Elversfoot from all his places; luckily he had a small pension, with which he retired to the Continent, not taking the least trouble about his son whether he was alive or dead. For some time Luttrell retained his title; it enabled him to live upon a very third-rate society; but unfortunately he could not even now control his disposition to intrigue, and another scandalous event drove him into the filthiest purlieus of London, almost penniless, and wholly degraded.

The life he now led was such as happily few people could picture to themselves; and yet it is a common life, and Luttrell's is not a singular instance of men of fashion falling into it. It is quite surprising how many men who have at one time or another played a part in London society die without a roof to shelter them, or perish in some half-built house on the outskirts of the great city. Luttrell retired amongst the low coarse creatures, the cold, callous, brutal ruffians, with whom

in former days, in moments of his grossest dissipation, he used to associate.

These people, strange to say, had a kind of deference for him because he was a lord; they always spoke of him as "the Lord," although, as we have stated, he had taken the name of Spence. In one of the dens with which the city abounds, he would play with the most abandoned and the commonest profligates at halfpenny commerce; there he would vie with the lowest and most brutal in language that devils would have shrunk from hearing. He was looked up to by this choice circle; for he had a keen intellect, and, equal to them in the slang of this foul district, he had that power of seizing an idea quickly in which they were wanting.

Most cordially do we share the sentiment of the following passages referring to an incident of our own times:

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

"It has been written to me that in a town in the west of England there was an orphan girl, who, with some other friends, devoted herself to succouring the poor in their affliction, to praying by the bedside of the dying, and performing in gentlest fashion all sweet and holy duties; but because in their house there was an oratory, and that oratory was decorated with flowers, and a small crucifix was placed on an altar, the people rose up against these ministers of good, and heaped insults upon them. Is not this persecution, Mr. Vane?"

"It is worse than the persecutions of old; for at least there was some palliation for these in the violent shock of opinions, and in the necessity for self-defence," replied Ernest.

"I remember," continued the Prior, "the language in which this excellent lady explained her reason for putting flowers in the oratory, and for wearing crosses. She said, 'Friends gave us some flowers. Some of the Sisters, when the day's labour was over, amused themselves in twining a wreath, and placed it on the cross. Men may think it a frivolous act, but to us it is natural. Women may give their whole heart to God and his poor to labour for them; but we are women still, and have women's tastes. We still love flowers and pictures. We have done with gay dresses, for they are expensive, and would be a mockery to the poor; but we like the brightness and gaiety of flowers, and friends give them to us: why may we not use them as we will? And when, perhaps, too weary with our day's work to do anything else, why may we not plait a wreath of flowers, and think of the unfading crowns in heaven? But we wear crosses; and what lady does not? And if there may be a cross on the Queen's crown—if ladies may wear crosses of diamonds, pearls, and rubies in courts and assemblies, who shall grudge us our simple wooden crosses?'"

Here is a sketch of character:

MR. LESLIE THE MILLIONAIRE.

He had thick-set and lumbering limbs, but large as he was, the head still seemed out of proportion to his body; it hung a little on one side, as though borne down by its own weight. The hair was short and grizzly; and there was a heaviness in the glance which at first-sight conveyed the notion of an overloaded brain, but a close observer might have detected a quick, cunning glance in the little grey twinkling eye which glistened beneath the pent-house of an overhanging eyebrow; the lines of the face were strongly marked, indicating habits of deep and patient thought; and from the compressed upper lip, it might be judged that the practice of self-command was habitual to him; and, indeed, among no class is self-command and control of feature so requisite as in that class which this man represented—the monied interest,—where the betrayer of emotion is at times not less to be dreaded than the loss of a galleon, or the failure of some gigantic speculation; but if, in all physical characteristics, Mr. Leslie aptly illustrated the man of the counting-house, of shrewd guesses and practical dealings, it was impossible not at the same time to perceive from his appearance that he was a man of great consideration in the society which he frequented. His dress had an attention bestowed upon it rarely found among those whose time is occupied in business; he was scrupulously neat, and if he erred, it was almost on the side of a certain dandyism; there was a peculiar pretension to an accuracy

of fit and tie, which was slightly out of character and keeping with the stern concentrated look which we have described.

Let us view the bright features of this personage:

Mr. Leslie possessed one merit to which we have not alluded, but without mentioning which, this notice of his life would be indeed imperfect. The more rapid growth of his fortune was retarded by his benevolence. It was not alone at Liverpool that he practised this great virtue, but to Manchester, and Birmingham, and Bolton, that his charities extended. If all men acted in the spirit of Mr. Leslie, there would not be the same outcry against the manufacturers. We should not have to complain that wherever the money-system takes root, there the people are too frequently plunged into unutterable misery. We should not have so frequently to lament that the growth of wealth is associated with the growth of disease, of poverty, and ignorance; and Southey would not have raised his voice to curse in undying language the foundations of manufacturing cities, as vast emporiums of vice and misery.

It is not the factories that are in themselves pernicious, for they represent the industry of the country, and all industry is ennobling. It is not the mere circumstance of men toiling at the loom instead of guiding the plough that necessarily produces evil, but it is that the minds that direct these vast fabrics think more of gold and less of the people who produce it; they do not, it is true, enunciate the damnable doctrine that capital is to be more highly cared for than the souls of men; but too many of the master manufacturers practically regard the human sinews as a mere portion of that vast machine which produces their wealth and greatness, little heeding that it is at the same time producing a hideous mass of wretchedness and depravity.

Maternal Love. A Novel. By MARGRATIA LOUDON, author of "First Love," &c. In 3 vols. London: Newby. 1849.

THERE is some excellent writing in this novel. Miss (or Mrs.) LOUDON will endure comparison with the best of her contemporaries for a lively, graphic, and almost brilliant style and pleasant manner of story-telling, which carries the reader onward to the conclusion without weariness, in spite of defects in the construction of a plot and the absence of striking originality of character. It is impossible to open these volumes at any page without discovering the presence of a writer of no common ability, possessing profound powers of observation, a keen sense of the ridiculous, a vein of satire, not unkind, considerable reflection, and much imagination. Manifestly she has read the best class of the novels of France, and borrowed a great deal of their gaiety and wit without imitating their grossness. There is, indeed, unusual refinement in these pages, and it is only when the authoress attempts scenes in spheres of society with which she can have no personal acquaintance, that she fails to be effective. Her dialogues are peculiarly to be commended, for she studiously avoids the speechifying and sermonizing with which most of our modern novelists eke out the number of pages requisite for the three conventional volumes. Miss LOUDON, on the contrary, is always short, quick, and conversational, as people really talk. She has likewise borrowed from our Gallican neighbours another fashion which adds vastly to the liveliness of a fiction. She avoids the eternal repetition of "said Sir John," "replied he," "she answered" "Mrs. Wentworth exclaimed,"—and so forth, by which our novelists have usually deemed it necessary to inform their readers who is the speaker of each sentence in the dialogue. Our authoress has preferred to trust to the character of the words to indicate the speaker, and her conversations are, like those of the lively French

fictions, conducted with an almost entire absence of these disagreeable interruptions to the flow of talk; nor do we therefore fall into any confusion or error, for by the manner of each we know as well who is the speaker as if we had been told by the authoress in so many words.

We are not about to describe the plot of this novel: we have already hinted that it is not so to be commended as the composition. The story, it must be confessed, is somewhat improbable, and Miss LOUDON committed a grave error in adventuring upon the portraiture of statesmen and politicians, of whom she cannot possibly have any other knowledge than that which she has derived from newspapers. Such personages are not within the power of a lady's pen, and at the best they can only produce caricatures of them. If Miss LOUDON had devoted her great abilities as a writer to the sketching of society as she witnesses it daily within her own circle, she might have produced a work which would have taken its place among the permanent literature of her country. As it is, *Maternal Love*, treating of persons and topics beyond her sphere, can at the best be admired only as an ingenious composition; but having no substantial vitality it cannot survive the season that gave it birth.

We trust that Miss LOUDON will take this criticism in good part, and on the next occasion present to the world a true and graphic picture of middle-class life, as it exists in England in this nineteenth century, painting always from the life, and if her great powers be studiously devoted to such a theme, there will certainly result from them one of those works, which, because at once universal and particular, representing *humanity under one of its aspects*, the world will not willingly let die.

Two short extracts will exhibit her graphic skill:

DE LYONCOURT.

De Lyoncourt was the son of a French valet, in an English nobleman's family. He had never seen his mother. He had had reading, writing, and accounts flogged into him, and feeling flogged out of him, in one of the worst of common schools in London; been trained to all sorts of juvenile delinquency in the streets of the metropolis (the only play-ground the school afforded), and fed by stealth in the kitchen of his father's master. The first thing of which he had ever felt proud, was of his adroitness in stealing fruit and gingerbread from an old woman's stand. As he ran back to his companions with the booty, he was greeted by the eager plaudits of the whole party of ragged urchins, at which his heart beat with exultation, and new exploits of the same description soon made him acknowledged leader of the band.

When a lad, he went to Paris with his father; there, in consideration of his knowledge of English, he obtained a situation in one of those shops where one sees over the door, or in the window, that obliging invitation to the newly-arrived British purchaser, "English spoken here." In this establishment, his special duty was to cheat the English customers, with tact sufficient to perceive how far this could be done. Being a quick lad, he soon acquired a proficiency in this accomplishment which excited the laughter and admiration of the other lads in the shop. He derived a sensible gratification from this applause, and became persuaded that successful dishonesty was a proof of superior ability.

He subsequently robbed his employers, ran away, and served in the French army, during some years of aggressive warfare. In this school he learnt indifference to human life, and became habituated to the sight and practice of every licentious and brutal passion unchained, and the setting aside of all respect for human rights, human ties, and human feelings. He robbed an officer, to whom he was servant, of valuables taken from the burning house of a massacred family, and deserted in consequence. After many escapes and adventures, being now liable to be shot if taken, he became the captain of

a band of robbers. And to the boast of deeds of daring, atrocity and revolting cruelty became his pride; for such were admired by his followers. To all this he joined foppery in dress, a great desire to make conquests among women, and excessive vanity in passing for a gentleman at inns, gaming houses, tables d'hôte, and all places he could venture to enter in various disguises, either to play himself or look on, and discover who would be worth robbing on their coming out. It was thus he had got among the gamblers at Baden-Baden, where he was the fellow who, in conjunction with Colonel Wheeler, swindled Theodore Wentworth.

After settling in London, Madame de Lyoncourt gave birth to a boy, who, in time, was sent to a school of the same description as that at which his father had been taught, and played in the streets with a new generation of juvenile delinquents. When old enough, he was placed in a solicitor's office—while the power of teaching the girl music, and several languages without cost, decided her mother on bringing her up for a governess. Both children, to save trouble, went by the name of De Lyoncourt. As for the poor woman's life, it was one constant struggle, not only with poverty, but with the brutal propensities of her husband, who spent her hard earnings in revelling and drunkenness.

AN UGLY WOMAN.

His father's command to make proposals of marriage, the next morning, to Lady Harriet Nightingale, here obtruded itself upon his thoughts—and, obedient to association's magic touch, her ladyship's image arose.

Poor Lady Harriet was what Lady Montville called "too ugly!"

Her form was stunted and ill-made, as if she had been half poisoned, or three parts starved in infancy. The skin of her face and neck was of that rugged, greenish brown, which characterises the russet apple. Her eyes, though dark, were small, and close together; and both kept a vigilant watch upon her nose, as if they were afraid it would run away (not that it would have been any great loss if it had.) Her hair resembled the stuffing of an old chair. Her teeth were long, large, and projecting, and so crowded together that they seemed to hustle each other for room, like the guests at a table d'hôte; while the lips, though clumsy, were quite inadequate to the task of covering them. The lips, themselves, too, were by no means ornamental, for they were of an unhealthy, bluish colour, while the under one always bore on its hardened surface an exact impression of the upper teeth, which might have saved a dentist the trouble of taking one in wax. So that the case of the countenance was hopeless; for no attempt to smile could help a face with such a mouth! And as for the poor little nose, that was so watched, it was but a poor little excrescence after all; and, in point of colour, of a rather less dull blue than the lips. In bad constitutions, the vital spark generally takes refuge in the nose, whether it be large or small.

But association was again busy with her wand—and another image appeared. It was that of Lady Harriet's rival. Now, amid the many charms of this face none were more remarkable than the classic form, and coral red of the lips, and the pearly lustre and regularity of the small white teeth.

Toil and Trial. A Story of London Life. By Mrs. NEWTON CROSLAND (late CAMILLA TOULMIN). London. A. Hall & Co.

ONE of a series of beautiful tales in which CAMILLA TOULMIN (we cannot relinquish the old familiar name) is endeavouring to portray particular features in modern society, indicating its evils in hope that attention may be given to them and a remedy supplied. She does this in a philanthropic, and not in a radical and revolutionary spirit—a truly Christian charity prompting every stroke of her graphic pen. Here we have a sketch of the unsatisfactory portion of the relationship between employers and employed, which to many thoughtful minds presents itself as the most dangerous feature of the times; and that which it behoves us most promptly to reform if we would avoid dire evils than ever yet have descended upon this land. Such temperate investigations as these of Mrs. CROSLAND will help to a conception of the mischief and its cure. The tale also is deeply interesting in itself; it is impossible to read it without having the heart stirred to its depths.

POETRY.

The Desert Isle, and other Poems. By HENRY THOMAS BRAITHWAITE. London: Pickering. 1849.

THE *Desert Isle* is modelled after COLERIDGE's *Christabel*, but it must be confessed that Mr. BRAITHWAITE lags far behind his principal. He is, indeed, a master of the language of poetry, but he lacks the spirit of it. This is just the sort of poem which is so apt to impose itself upon the author and even upon superficial readers as something very fine, because there is a good deal of unintelligibility of thought, combined with a certain poetical manner of expression, such as is caught by saturating oneself sufficiently with BYRON, COLERIDGE, KEATS, and TENNYSON. But although in form unexceptionable, the work will not endure critical inspection. When we look for new ideas, we look in vain. Of Mr. BRAITHWAITE's affectations we must speak more severely: we must remind him that conceits are not originality. What does he mean by accentuating his vowels here and there? But perhaps he is young, nay, we are sure he is, and that must plead his excuse for positive faults as well as short-comings. Nowhere does he dare to throw off his leading-strings and be himself. Everywhere we trace imitation, the besetting sin of youthful poets. As the *Desert Isle* is after COLERIDGE, so *The Two Ambitions* is after TENNYSON, likewise *The Minstrel's Three*, and by this we mean that if COLERIDGE and TENNYSON had never written the one, neither would Mr. BRAITHWAITE have written the others.

Still we are not without hope of him; it is not a desperate case; Mr. BRAITHWAITE has done better than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the would-be poets who present themselves for review. There is something in him certainly, but how much remains to be proved, when experience and practice shall have encouraged him to throw off his apprenticeship to the elder poets, and set up for himself. There are glimpses of capacity here and there which, with very assiduous cultivation, may yet secure to him some of the fame which he seeks, but which he may be assured he has not yet found.

The following will sufficiently illustrate our remarks, and exhibit both his defects and his merits—performance and promise.

THE STRIFE OF THE SEA.

AN ALLEGORY OF POPULAR REBELLIONS.

Said the Sea to the stars, "Shine on! Shine on with your loving moon! I have watched ye all for a myriad nights, Grand as the sun and his golden moon, With your glittering, silver lights!" And he said to the moon, "Shine on! Shine on with your loving stars! I have seen thee for ages walk the skies, And dim the lustre of thy eyes, And steal the light from their cars!" And to both he said, "Shine on! 'Tis time to shine no more, 'Tis time to fade and die! I long to be in utter dark 'Neath a lonely sky, with ne'er a spark In the folds of its silent pall; I weary, I weary of watching ye all, Sitting so calm and so high!" Then the Moon said, "Ocean, peace! Am I not thy queen? Hath ever my reign been dread to thee, Or tyrant-like my mien?" And the Stars sang forth, "We will not cease To shine on thy breast, sullen sea! Shall thy murmurs rise to our placid rest And our light not sink to thee? No! still shalt thou our mirror be That we watch what path we keep!" But Ocean replied with a stormy roar That shook the land on either shore, "I will not have your light!" And to the moon, "Away! Go elsewhere build your pallid day, Nor more disturb my sleep, For my clouds shall wrap me up in night And darkness watch the deep; I will not see thy face!" And again to the stars, "Beware! Triumph ye not in your glowing grace; For my storms shall climb the air, And hurl ye down from your ancient thrones In the mighty realm of space!" So spake the sea in awful tones And the clouds they listened to the sea, For they said, "We did arise from thee!" And over his bosom wide They built a boundless world of gloom; Valleys with hidden floods, and mountains Quick with slumbering, fiery fountains;

A hurricane for battle-cry
Ready to shout forth far and high,
And trumpet-thunders to deride!
The Stars beheld the growing doom,
And said, "It never shall come high;
Vain Ocean we thy wrath defy!"
Answered the many-voiced sea,
"Rise, hurl the pale stars down!
And fold me up in endless shade;
I will blind the moon with my frown!
Then up the winged lightnings sprang
In a rushing flight to the sky;
The thunders pealed, the horizon rang,
The gale its mighty war-cry sang,
And the reverberating clang
Shook Earth! still ever on more high,
Piled up the boundless battle-cloud,
Weaving the pallid stars a shroud;
And the lightnings still sprang ceaselessly
To make them fall and die!

But vain did Ocean feel his might,
For he found that still must be performed
His tide-course, howsoever he stormed;
And the Clouds that clomb the heavenward path
Returned and said, "It is in vain—
The stars immensely high are gleaming,
The moon no less in royal seeming;
And with their cold and quiet glance,
As e'er more nigh we did advance,
Mocked our shade and paled our lightning;
And us unwilling, ever brightening,
Made wear their silver badge! 'tis vain!
Cease, mighty Ocean, and no more complain."
Then the Moon and Stars said, "Hear, O Sea!
Thy might hath taught these vanities,
Yet we were always the same to thee,
And full of love to soothe thy rest;
Let us again shine on thy breast!"
And he answered, "I have wronged, and cease
From wrath, look down again in peace!
I grieve that I did e'er defy—
A thousand wrecks upon me lie!"

Lo! from the latest falling rain
The glad moon bent the pure white Bow
O'er Ocean calm, and hushed again,
Lying as level as a plain;
And he said, "I love, I love the Bow!"
And the Stars said, "We do love the Bow!"
And the Moon and Cloud said, "She is ours,
Our child in joy's returning hours."
Then the Bow beamed, "Be there peace!
I am daughter of the cloud,
And the cloud is sprung from the mighty sea,—
Should it be my shroud?
I am daughter of the light,
Of the Moon who loves the stars;
If Ocean should bury her in night,
And drown the glory of the stars,
Where were my delight?
Observe ye your great marriage-tie,
I am the pledge of amity!
O Sea, if thou would'st not ruin wide,
Let thy grandchild be thy guide;
She who is but one fair sign
Of the many bonds that intertwine
Thy powers and theirs on high that shine!"

Sacred Lyrics. By J. C. G. London: J. R. Smith. 1849.

"THE following poems" says the preface, "are offered to the public with the hope that they may light up the holy flame of Divine love in the hearts of some." But why not do this in prose instead of verse? Prose is much more likely to do good service in the cause of piety, because prose is more likely to be read than any poetry which is not of the highest order. J. C. G. is an elegant versifier, but something more is required to make poetry pleasing and impressive than smooth metre and correct rhymes. We want imagination or passion—whereas J. C. G. gives only *sentiment*, and that of a very milk-and-water kind. We should much like to ask the author himself to point out a single original idea in his whole volume. The fact is, he has persuaded himself that his piety is poetry—a mistake very common with an extremely amiable and excellent class of persons.

MUSIC.

Treatise on Harmony for the Piano-Forte, with Examples of Studies, Figures, and Preludes. By FRED. KALKBRENNER. Translated by ROBERT LINCOLN COCKS. London: Cocks and Co. 1849.

THE fame of KALKBRENNER as a composer is European; but it may not be so well known in England that he had devoted his genius to the production of a work which should teach to others the art in which he so excelled. In this endeavour he was eminently successful. Like all truly great minds, he was enabled to

express himself in simple language, and measuring the minds of others, to adapt himself to their capacities. His *Treatise on Harmony* was an era in the history of music, the theory of which had never before been explained so lucidly and intelligently to the uninitiated. KALKBRENNER could afford to lay aside technicalities, for his conceptions of the science were untechnical. His plan appears to have been thus: A magnificent extemporaneous composer, improvising the grandest harmonies, he sought to describe in words the manner in which his soul was moved, and *how it was* that he produced such effects. A great fame immediately followed the publication of this work: it became the manual of the musicians of Germany, and the study of it was deemed essential for all who attempted the pianoforte, whether professionally or in private.

The English lovers of music are indebted to Mr. COCKS for an admirable translation of this remarkable work, which ought to be as extensively studied here as it is in Germany. The musical illustrations of the text are in themselves worth more than the cost of the whole.

The Standard Lyric Drama. Don Juan. Part 28. Boosey & Co.

A SERIES of the best operas by the greatest composers of all nations, arranged for the pianoforte, the foreign words translated into English for the convenience of those who do not understand the former, and comprising the whole of the opera, overture and all, could not fail to be a successful enterprise, especially if the price brought it within the means of persons of moderate income. This Mr. BOOSEY has accomplished in the series of which the new part is now before us, containing a portion of *Don Juan*. What owner of a pianoforte will be without it? There will be more good music to be had for half-a-crown than could be procured for five guineas at the ordinary prices.

Mr. Allmann's Selections of Scottish Songs.

No. 4 contains *My Joe Janet*, and the first number of his *Souvenirs du Bal*, a selection of popular quadrilles. Both of these recommend themselves to all pianists.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Rudiments of Public Speaking and Debate. By GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE. London: Watson. 1849.

THERE is a world of good sense in this little volume. It treats the art of oratory with a mastery not to be found in books of more pretension. We cannot resist some extracts in proof, for its merits can be thus best exhibited to our readers.

HOW TO BE HEARD.

The rudiments of speaking are few and simple. Vowels should have a bold, round, mellow tone. This is the *basis* of speaking. A slight, short, mincing pronunciation of the accented vowels is the prime fault to be avoided. There is scarcely anything more distinguishes a person of a mean, from one of a good education, than the pronunciation of the unaccented vowels.

A strong delivery is to be constantly cultivated—that is, an energy that shall prevent drawing and a slowness that shall avoid mumbling words, or chopping half the sounds away, as hasty speaking does. Take time to fully articulate and intonate. Speak "trippingly" without tripping. If you must be extreme, better be solemn than hasty.

Another important matter is—

EMPHASIS.

Accuracy of delivery tends equally to this result; it does more, it improves the memory as well as the understanding, and imparts the power of concatenation of speech. The naturally voluble may dispense with this aid, but others will find it the only mode of learning public speaking.

A clergyman, who in his early days denied that grammar or emphasis had anything to do with pulpit exercises, one day found his mistake by the laughter created on his reading this text:—"And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me, the ass, and they saddled him." Of this same divine it is told that a man whom he reprimanded for swearing, replied that he did not see any harm in it. "No harm in it," said

the minister; "why do you not know the commandment, 'Swear not at all.' " "I do not swear at all," said the man, "I only swear at those who annoy me."

The maxim, "no one can recite with propriety what he does not feel," introduces this sketch of

THE ORATORY OF ROBERT HALL.

It is said of Robert Hall, that the text of his discourse was usually announced in the feeblest tone, and in a rapid manner, so as frequently to be inaudible to the majority of his congregation. After the exordium, he would commonly hint at, rather than explicitly announce, the very simple divisions of the subject on which he intended to treat. Then his thoughts would begin to multiply, and the rapidity of his utterance, always considerable, would increase as he proceeded and kindled. He had no oratorical action, scarcely any kind of motion, excepting an occasional lifting or waving of the right hand; and in his most impassioned moments, an alternate retreat and advance in the pulpit by a short step. Sometimes the pain in his back, to which he was so great a martyr, would induce him to throw his arm behind, as if to give himself ease or support in the long-continued, and, to him, afflictive position of standing to address the people. Nothing of the effect which he produced depended on extraneous circumstances. There was no pomp, no rhetorical flourish, and few, though whenever they did occur, very appropriate images—excepting towards the close of his sermon, when his imagination became ex-cursive, and he winged his way through the loftiest sphere of contemplation. His sublimest discourses were in the beginning didactic and argumentative, then descriptive and pathetic, and, finally, in the highest and best sense, imaginative. Truth (to him) was their universal element, and to enforce its claims was his constant aim. Whether he attempted to engage the reason, the affections, or the fancy, all was subsidiary to this great end. He was always in earnest—profoundly in earnest. But it is also true that as a chaste, concise, and energetic style is more effective than a florid, turgid and prolix one, so the judicious employment of moderate gesture is more effective upon the genius of the English people, who love moderation, than any possible amplification of spasmodic attitudes or redundancy of grimace.

What profound truth is expressed in this, on

THE ART OF ORATORY.

The art of education consists in finding out what the child or adult *wants* to know. Inspired with desire to know, he is inspired with power to learn, and excited aptitude is the happy moment of acquirement. This neglected progress is arrested. This fact explains the failure of half the orations and lectures of these days. An audience is an adult school. It has, in the short space of an hour, to be educated in a new purpose. The undertaking is presumptuous, and is only to be accomplished by the union of rare judgment, disciplined powers, a store of means, and unflinching energy. Yet how many rush into the arena of oratory without forethought, and go home, wondering why they failed, and blaming the apathy of the people. Humanity is an instrument not to be played upon by unskillful performers. Had we men who studied oratory as great artists do music, painting and sculpture, the magic of ancient eloquence would yet flourish among us.

We can do without any article of luxury we never had, but when once obtained it is not in human nature to surrender it voluntarily. Of twelve thousand clocks left by Sam Slick only ten were returned. "We trust to soft sawder," said Sam, "to get them into the house and to human nature that they never come out of it." Yet how many persons expect to produce effects upon assemblies of men who never bestow half the time upon the study of their natures as was given by our American clock-seller!

In illustration of the advantage to an orator of firm principles and straightforward purpose, there is adduced the instance of

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

One characteristic of the Duke of Wellington strikes the reader from the very first, even when but a novice in war or statesmanship—his resolute will and unbounded self-reliance. Confident in his own capacity, he thinks, decides, and acts while other men are hesitating and asking advice. He is evidently conscious that *decision and promptitude, even though sometimes a man may err for want of due deliberation, will, in the long run, more often conduct to success than a slow judgment that comes too late.* This is the secret. The capacity to see this truth and the resolution to act upon it, is the capacity to rise above

common men. Innumerable people will strike out a course and pursue it—while all goes well—but the temper of greatness ever remains unshaken by reverses. It places its life on the hazard of a well-chosen plan, and looks for failures and defeats, but relies on the "long run" of persistency for success.

The importance of *method* in a speech is dwelt upon with great earnestness, and illustrations are given of the absence and of the presence of it. Of the former was

BURKE.

Of the effect of the want of method in neutralising the most magnificent powers, Burke is a remarkable instance:—As an orator, Burke dazzled his hearers, then distracted them, and finished by fatiguing or offending them. And it was not uncouth elocution and exterior only, which impaired the efficacy of his speeches. Burke almost always deserted his subject, before he was abandoned by his audience. In the progress of a long discourse he was never satisfied with proving that which was principally in question, or with enforcing the single measure which it was his business and avowed purpose to enforce—he diverged to a thousand collateral topics—he demonstrated as many disputed propositions—he established principles in all directions—he illuminated the whole horizon with his magnificent but scattered lights. There was, nevertheless, no keeping in his spoken compositions—no proportion—no subserviency of inferior groups to greater—no apparent harmony or unity of purpose. He forgot that there was but a single point to prove, and his auditors in their turn forgot that they had undergone the process of *conviction* upon any.

A gorgeous instance of the latter is selected from Mr. W. J. Fox's "Sermons on Christian Morality." It runs thus:—

GREECE.

From the dawn of intellect and freedom Greece has been a watch-word on the earth. There rose the social spirit to soften and refine her chosen race, and shelter, as in a nest, her gentleness from the rushing storm of barbarism—there liberty first built her mountain throne, first called the waves her own, and shouted across them a proud defiance to despotism's banded myriads: there the arts and graces danced around humanity, and stored man's home with comforts, and strewed his path with roses, and bound his brows with myrtle, and fashioned for him the breathing statue, and summoned him to temples of snowy marble, and charmed his senses with all forms of eloquence, and threw over his final sleep their veils of loveliness: there sprung poetry, like their own fabled goddess, mature at once from the teeming intellect, gift with the arts and armour that defy the assaults of time and subdue the heart of man: there matchless orators gave the world a model of perfect eloquence, the soul the instrument on which they played, and every passion of our nature but a tone which the master's touch called forth at will: there lived and taught the philosophers of bower and porch, of pride and pleasure, of deep speculation and of useful action, who developed all the acuteness, and refinement, and exuberance, and energy of mind, and were the glory of their country, when their country was the glory of the earth.

We conclude with the following admirable hints on

TEMPER IN DEBATE.

The object of discussion is not the vexatious chase of an opponent, but the contrastive and current statement of opinion. Therefore endeavour to select leading opinions, to state them strongly and clearly, and when your opponent replies be content to leave his arguments side by side with your own for the judgment of the auditors. In no case disparage an opponent, mis-state his views, or torture his words, and thus, for the sake of a verbal triumph, produce lasting ill feelings. Your sole business is with *what* he says, not *how* he says it, nor *why* he says it. Your aim should be that the audience should lose sight of the speakers, and be possessed with the subject—and that those who come the partisans of persons shall depart the partisans of principles. The victory in a debate lies not in lowering an opponent, but in raising the subject in public estimation. Controversial wisdom lies not in destroying an opponent, but in destroying his error—not in making him ridiculous so much as in making the audience wise.

We might quote half a CRITIC of similar passages, and leave the worth of this volume unexhausted.

Where to Stop, and Why. A Treatise on the Principles and Practice of Punctuation. By a Professional Grammarian. London: Longman, Brown, and Co.

ALMOST every one who writes has felt the want of proper rules whereby to punctuate. The great majority leave it to the printer; or at best put a comma here, and a colon there, according to fancy. This is manifestly not right, as it leaves to chance what ought to be done by rule. Bad punctuation not only involves bad reading, but very often tends to obscure the sense. It is therefore an object worthy the consideration of the author, who of course desires that his writings should be rendered perspicuous and intelligible. Hitherto, there has really been no work which gives the true principles of punctuation. LINDLEY MURRAY does not supply this information, and we do not err in saying the deficiency has been felt by many. However, this requirement is now met by the work before us, which will prove, we are sure, a most useful appendage to all who put pen to paper, whether in friendly correspondence or in literary matters. In the introduction the author says, "those persons who consent to read the following treatise for the sake of instruction, are requested to remember, that the practice of punctuation does not aim chiefly at making graceful readers; it professes to be a handmaid grammar, and to aim at *perspicuity*. The conclusions, to which the author desires to lead his readers, differ in a measure from some rules which have been laid down for punctuation, and *very widely* from the practice of most authors; but they are such as, though perhaps unwritten, will be recognized, and have always been known to scholars; and moreover they are based on a sure foundation, viz., the rules of grammar and the philosophy of language; and so they are equally applicable to all languages."

We cannot, in so short a space as our limits will allow, enter on the system which the author of this little book sets forth: he treats it with the perspicuity fitting the subject, and enforces by examples principally taken from ALISON and MILTON. We strongly recommend this treatise to our readers, as being excellent in practice and simple in application.

A Short Course of History. By H. LE M. CHAPMELL, M. A. 2nd edition. London: Whittaker & Co. 1849.

Nothing is more difficult than to write history for children. If too condensed, it repels them by the dryness of a chronology. If too expanded, it wears by its length. A good history for young persons should be as *anecdotal* as possible: it should be in the gossiping manner of the Old Chronicles. It would then be read eagerly and remembered tenaciously.

Now the fault we find with the volume before us is, that it is *too* chronological. There are often half-a-dozen dates in a page. This should not be. The dates only of the most important eras should be given, and then the child should learn that the lesser events happened about the time of those greater ones whose dates he knows, and thus they will be recalled by association. For it is a matter of no importance whether the precise dates of every event are known or not. Dates are of no use in themselves, but only to preserve in the memory the *order* of events, and if this can be better accomplished without them, the less the young mind is perplexed by them the better. In other respects these histories are as good as any we have seen, but they are very far indeed below our *beau idéal* of a perfect history for young persons.

The Constructive Etymological Spelling-book; with a Preliminary Lesson on Etymology. By JAMES A. CHRISTIE, C. S., M. C. P., Master of the Duke of Bedford's School, Milton Abbot, Devon. 12mo. pp. 146. London: Longmans. 1849.

This little work, though written for elementary schools, contains much valuable matter upon the derivation of the principal words in our language. The compiler has bestowed great care and labour upon his task. Upwards of a thousand Latin and Greek roots are given, interspersed with some from the French and Saxon. The plan of giving the genitive of Latin and Greek nouns, when the derivatives are more clearly deduced from that case than from the nominative, is a very commendable feature. For the sake of uniformity,

we presume, in rendering the Latin verbal roots into English by an infinitive, the supine is invariably added to the first person singular. The advantage of this course is clearly seen from the following words:—*Pneumatics, Mercury, and Rectitude*, are, to the minds of children, and of those unacquainted with Latin and Greek inflexions, more naturally derived respectively from *Pneumatos, Mercis, and Rectum*, than from *Pneuma, Merz, and Rego*.

The compiler's experience with children has doubtless taught him that the liability of a shadow of a mistake must be guarded against by the teacher. Hence, we find occasionally at the foot of the page in the "Numerous Notes on the history and application of particular words," an apparently unnecessary minuteness. For example, after interpreting "Factor" by *maker, broker*, a foot-note in reference to the latter runs thus: "That is (not one who breaks, but), one who does business for another."

Mr. CHRISTIE claims no originality for his book, and it exhibits no indications of high pretensions; but, as possessing a vast superiority over the numerous *spelling-books* put into the hands of children, the work must ensure an extensive use.

The Ancient Knight, or Chapters on Chivalry. By JOHN FULLER RUSSELL, B. C. L., Incumbent of St. James's, Enfield. London: W. J. Cleaver, 46, Piccadilly.

THE author's introduction to this little book affords as good an account of its contents as we can give of it. He says, "The following 'Chapters' are designed for the perusal of schoolboys of twelve to sixteen years of age, who have, or ought to have, some knowledge of history. My object in writing them has been to give a brief and popular view of chivalry; to inspire my youthful readers with a love and admiration of the chivalric deeds and principles of the heroic age, and prompt them to study for themselves, at a future time, the ancient chronicles, and those standard works on knighthood, of which these pages contain but an epitome." The "Chapters" are written in an easy, pleasing tone, and are generally interesting, and convey nearly as much information for schoolboys or adults as it is useful for them to know, of the training, education and employment of the knights of old.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review. No. 102, for October.

A THOUGHTFUL essay on "Human Progress" opens this number of the *Westminster*; admitting that much has been done, especially of late years, the author devotes himself mainly to showing how much remains to be done before we can be said to reap the full advantage of our existing knowledge and resources; but as these are every day extending, the prospect of improvement is illimitable. But it will necessarily be slow, because man is a creature of habit, and loth to adopt changes even with the almost certainty of benefit. The history of the last eighteen months must have materially damped the ardour of the believers in *rapidity* of progress; it is plain that the world yet lags far behind the ideas of philosophers and the hopes of philanthropists. The works of the barber-poet, JASMIN, are reviewed at some length, and certainly they are extraordinary—for a barber,—but they do not deserve the extravagant praises that have been lavished on them by his countrymen. "The State of the Nation" is a non-political article devoted to a consideration of the moral and intellectual condition of the people and how they may be best advanced. It is very sensible and extremely well written. "The German Philosophers on the Soul" presents the current opinions of the German Rationalists on this subject. It is a most curious paper, and will be read with great interest. MALTHUS and his doctrines are reviewed in a very elaborate article, whose purpose it is to test the theory by the facts since developed. "Loans and Standing Armies" is a digest of the objections that have been urged by some of the political leaders. The Foreign Literature comprises notices of five works that have recently appeared on the Continent, with copious extracts.

Tait's Magazine for October has too many continued articles. The review of *Pepys' Diary* is in something of its old manner, but we cannot say much for the tales, and altogether it is very different from what it used to be.

The Church of England Quarterly Review, for October. Conducted in a spirit of moderation, as praiseworthy as it is rare, this review is entitled to the place it claims as the literary organ of the moderate and intelligent Church party. It does not devote all its pages to Theology, but mingles reviews of general literature, which are always written in good taste and often display great talent. Thus, in the present number there is an admirable notice of Mr. Cunningham's "London;" an elegant essay on Milman's "Horace;" a review of "Modern Astronomy," evidently the production of a scientific hand. Sir T. Phillips's "Wales" affords a theme for a sober statistical article, interspersed with commentary. The "Correspondence of the Fairfax Family" introduces thoughts on civil war, not inappropriate to our own troubled times. Bell's "Wayside Pictures" are noticed at some length, with copious extracts. Eliot's "Liberty of Rome" is the occasion for a sketch of social and political freedom as exhibited in that Republic. There is a long and complimentary notice of Chalmers's "Christian Institutes;" and lastly, "Pascal, his Life and Writings," are treated of with a spirit akin to his own.

The British Gazetteer, Travelling Road-book, and County Atlas, Part 6, is a work much wanted, and therefore sure of success. It describes Great Britain as it is, with all the changes which the last ten years have introduced. The part before us extends from "Bredbury" to "Buildwas," and contains, besides all this letter-press, two large county maps, and two steel engravings of remarkable public buildings. When completed, it will be the most valuable work of its kind which has yet been contributed to the library of reference. Its statistics are very complete, and it even gives the names of the bankers in each town, with their London agents.

Shakspeare's Works. By BARRY CORNWALL. Parts 28 and 29. This elegant work, profusely illustrated by KENNY MEADOWS, contains "Richard the Third," and "Henry the Eighth." It is a typographical gem.

Bussy and Gaspey's History of France, Parts 19 and 20, conduct this well-written history from the year 1715 to 1793, at which it appropriately closes. From that period begun the histories of the Revolution, to all of which this work may be said to be introductory, and of which it should be the accompaniment in the library. We have already noticed the agreeable manner in which it is written, so as to combine the graphic style of the chroniclers with the substantial facts demanded from the modern history. The wood-cuts also are very numerous, and many of them of great excellence.

The Gentleman's Magazine for October. The tessellated pavement lately found at Cirencester, has been engraved for this number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which contains reviews of new books, its usual copious Antiquarian, Literary and Political Register, and the valuable Obituary, for which it stands alone. Our readers will learn the value of this from the extracts we so often make from it for our literary record; but here are the biographies of all great men of all callings.

The People's and Howitt's Journal for October, has added to the attraction of its monthly parts, by giving its excellent engravings on stout paper, and of these we have five, worth at least the cost of the entire number. The literature is as good as ever, although we miss some of the names which formerly attracted here.

Eliza Cook's Journal for September, maintains its attractions by a judicious choice of subjects, and a popular manner of treating them. But let us hint to the accomplished Editress, that there is wanting something of vigour in the general tone. She needs the help of some more manly writers. Let her eschew sentimental articles, and be very particular in the selection of tales.

Sharpe's London Magazine for October, is distinguished from others of its class by giving two steel engravings in each number, these being of themselves worth the whole cost. The matter is various in subject and in quality. The extracts are good: some of the narratives of travel are admirable, but the tales are generally inferior. But still it is an extraordinary work

for its small cost, more creditable, we fear, than profitable to its proprietors.

The Cottage Gardener for September, is a copious collection of all that can interest and instruct the owner of a garden, be it small or large, for it is thoroughly practical.

Paxton's Magazine of Gardening and Botany, for October, has beautiful coloured plates of flowers, and treats horticulture scientifically.

The Quarterly Educational Magazine for October, treats of impediments to the success of education,—shows its connexion with Christianity,—gives some "Stray Leaves from a Teacher's Note-book," asserts that signs are a help to discipline: reproduces some of the Pestalozzian Exercises on Language, besides many other useful themes too numerous to name here, but for which the friends of education ought to take this Quarterly Magazine. Its cost is the merest trifle,—only 6s. a year!

The National Library of Select Literature. Part 9 continues Dr. KITTO's Bible History, the interest and learning of which must be known to most of our readers. It is illustrated by wood-cuts.

The National Cyclopaedia of Useful Knowledge. Part 33, continues the cheapest work ever published—from the word "Nicotianin" to the word "Ordnance." It is now certain that it will be completed within the limits originally announced.

The Land we Live in. Part 26 is seasonably devoted to the beauties of Ireland. Killarney and Connemara are here described, not only by an agreeable and graphic pen, but by a profusion of engravings and maps.

The History of England during the Thirty Years Peace, begun by Mr. C. KNIGHT, is continued by Miss MARTINEAU, who has brought to it an impartial judgment, and much painstaking industry. The part before us advances to the year 1838.

Louis Blanc's Monthly Review. No. 3, is an organ for the diffusion of the socialist principles of that ex-provisional ruler. It contains an able and powerful defence of himself against the charges of conspiracy and treason to the republic, which have driven him, into exile. His narrative of the revolution in which he bore so prominent a part, will be read with interest.

Con Cregan, No. 10, and *Frank Fairleigh*, Part 10, are continuations of two stories published according to the present fashion, in monthly parts, with illustrations, which have great merit, for they are full of humour and character.

Montgomery Martin's British Colonies. Part 2 is the continuation of a work which Mr. MARTIN may be proud of having initiated and completed. The subject is of universal interest, and it is laboriously and judiciously handled. The portions now publishing are devoted to Canada.

Milner's Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy and Geography. Part 23 contains maps of the Western Hemisphere, California, and Mexico, and Columbia, with descriptive letter-press.

Illustrations of Useful Plants, No. 119. Mr. BURNETT has here described some of the mushrooms. Each number contains two large coloured plates.

France and its Revolutions, Part 17. Mr. LONG has now brought his history down to the year 1816. His merits as an historian are sufficiently known to all our readers, and this work will not diminish his reputation. It is copiously illustrated. Part 18 proceeds to the accession of Charles X. It is written in a remarkably interesting manner, and is illustrated with wood-cuts.

The Family Herald for October, has all its wonted variety of facts and philosophy, tales and charades, fun and good sense.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Treatise on Benefit Building Societies, containing Remarks upon the Erroneous Tendency of many of the Societies at present in Existence, and an Inquiry into the True Causes of their Defective Operation, with a View to their Amendment, or the Formation of New Societies upon Correct Principles. By ARTHUR SCRATCHLEY, M.A.

A WELL-TIMED, judicious, and useful work on the construction and operation of the Benefit Building Societies by Mr. SCRATCHLEY, M.A., the Actuary of the Western Life Assurance Society, has just appeared.

It contains much valuable information of importance to these associations, which have multiplied largely, and are still extending their operations, though, by no means, on so satisfactory a basis as the author decidedly proves to be absolutely necessary for their well-doing.

The Benefit Building Societies first appeared in Scotland in 1815, and, up to the present time, at least 2,300 altogether, have been registered in the United Kingdom and Ireland, of which about one half are still in existence, with an annual income of not less than 2,300,000*l*. They are, with few exceptions, established on a terminating principle. Some of them fix their shares at 120*l*. to be realized in fourteen years from their foundation, by deposits of 10*s*. per month, with compound interest at five per cent. thereon, paid by the borrowers. Such borrowing members may have 60*l*. at once, or five times 60*l*. with proportionate monthly payments. For any less time than fourteen years, the declared period of termination, their repayments to be in corresponding proportion. It will be seen that their whole chance of success rests on the lenders and the borrowers being both regular in their deposits and their repayments, and on the interest being realized monthly, and promptly invested and reinvested.

The fourteen years' societies may possibly realize their object, although, even with them, there is no adequate provision for probable contingencies,—for loss of time and consequent loss of interest—for mismanagement, &c. But, all the various modifications of this principle are, more or less, depreciating, and loss or failure, is, or must be, the result.

Here, then, we have a standard by which the promises of the various building societies may be measured, their professed solidity and advantages tried. The author enters on the subject in a clear and masterly manner. It is impossible to read his exposition of "the practical objections" to such associations as at present constituted, without fully admitting their force and effect. These societies would do well to survey their position, and to measure their future prospects by the standard here laid down with the utmost possible clearness and comprehensiveness.

It may be true that figures are often inefficiently conclusive. In political economy and other such theoretical problems, from the absence of any defined and universally accepted standard, figures do often lead to error. The same arithmetical results are too frequently pleaded on both sides, the pleadings in fact, of opponents in argument! But such incongruities and inconsistencies arise from the non-admission of any acknowledged or defined standard on questions of mere theory. Nothing is more common than the failure of legislative measures to realize their promised results, because all such measures are the offspring of opinion or observation, in connexion with notions and conceptions formed in the mind on a basis very often the mere creature of imagination, or of uncultivated and inexperienced feelings. But, however questionable may be the groundwork of the theories so formed, the same mode of ratiocination does not apply to plain, practical business questions, like those relative to the constitution and results of building societies, although figures do really go a great way in such questions.

Mr. SCRATCHLEY demonstrates satisfactorily, that these important elements cannot be misapplied in their bearing on, and application to, such associations, if founded, as they ought to be, on the right management and investment of money in the market of interest both simple and compound. The laws which govern such results are mathematically demonstrated, not speculatively adopted. Any departure from such laws must, therefore, of necessity, lead to error and disappointment. He, therefore, is a true benefactor to the interests so situated, who plainly and unreservedly points out the certain evil consequences of such errors, and authoritatively warns in time.

We cannot do better than submit the following expositions and conclusions, which are explained and supported by facts and arguments the most clear and unanswerable. They embrace the main causes and results, and define the remedy he suggests.

First, with respect to the objections to the terminating building societies as at present constituted:

He shows that, in such societies, the borrowers decrease as the years advance, because the required monthly repayments upon a loan become too large to suit their means as the period of the dissolution of the

society shortens, and this difficulty increases to an insurmountable degree in the last years of the limited term of existence. For, although a man who borrowed 300*l.* for fourteen years in order to purchase a house, might contrive, with comparative ease to pay 30*l.* a year, yet he might be unable to pay 59*l.* 18*s.* a year, if the loan were merely for six years, or, 85*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* a year, if it were only for four years; and similarly for other periods. In ten-year societies the difficulty is still greater as the terms for loans are much shorter. This circumstance therefore creates a cessation of investment and consequently a loss of interest, which altogether nullifies the calculations upon the supposed truth of which the society was founded. Hence this objection, which becomes greater and greater, with the progress of the society, stands prominent as one fatal obstacle to its success.

Again,—“Its expenses, or any deficiency of funds, instead of being spread over a large body, have to be borne by a few, who are unlucky enough to remain to the end.”

Moreover, the “interest on the investments is usually calculated as likely to be realized monthly; whereas, such is, practically, not the case, as it is not possible but that, from the very beginning of any society’s existence, some portion of its funds will, at various periods, remain unemployed for a time. It may be laid down as an axiom that no society can be secure whose rates of subscription are formed on such a principle.”

Then, with respect to the expenses of management, the only alleged provision for such expenses is, the fees, fines for nonpayment of subscriptions, and a few other trifling sources of profit. But all these sources are inadequate, nor is a fine for delayed payments wholly a profit. It is to make up the actual loss of interest caused by the delay in paying up the required monthly subscriptions; and, even assuming that the entrance fees cover the preliminary expenses, yet the annual charges of management, consisting of office rent, salaries, &c., would still remain wholly unprovided for. This conclusion must apply to all societies, whether of 10, 12, or 14 years, unless, independently of their monthly share subscriptions, they have adequately provided for the annual expenditure, which the inspection of many of their balance sheets will show to amount to an average of from 120*l.* to 150*l.* a-year, or, altogether, 2,400*l.* to 3,000*l.* Losses must also occasionally happen from bad investments, neglect, or misconduct; and, for such losses there is also no provision.

The author further enters into the question of the powers possessed by these “terminating” societies to prolong their existence, which he, however, proves to be no security to borrowers against such deficiencies, for “no rule can protect them from a liability for such continuance of monthly subscriptions as may be deemed necessary for the purpose of making up any deficiency that may exist.” And, in concluding his investigation into the affairs of these societies, he says, “not one in twenty can possibly realize for its members, whether investors or borrowers, the advantageous results originally promised, that in many cases, so far from the possessors of unadvanced shares, receiving 120*l.* per share, they will obtain less than 75*l.*, and, if not disposed to accept whatever sum may be offered to them, they will be forced to continue their subscriptions for several years beyond the specified time; and lastly, that strong legislative measures are necessary for the due regulation, both of the legal establishment of a building society, and also of the system of its financial operations.”

The author then advocates the superior features of the permanent system, with due provision for expenses and other probable contingencies; not having space to enter freely on this subject, we can only observe that the reasons and arguments in its favour are stated with elaborate care, and with great clearness and effect. The result of the investigation establishes the following decided advantages of the “permanent” over the “terminating” system, viz.:—The difficulty of finding borrowers at any time in the course of the existence of the society, is removed; new members may enter in any month, without paying up any arrears or increase of entrance fee, thus increasing instead of diminishing the number of shareholders; the initial and annual expenses can be more equitably divided, and spread over a larger number of members; a member may withdraw his subscriptions, or effect the redemption of a mortgage,

without the delay or expense he would experience in a terminating society, and the duration of members’ subscriptions can be fixed with greater certainty.

The chapters on “the practical management,” and on “the balance sheets” of these societies, on “rules for a permanent benefit building and investment society,” on “life or fidelity assurance applied to benefit building societies,” and on the acts and legal decisions relating thereto, with an appendix, showing the application of compound interest to the system of building societies, and the various tables to facilitate calculations, contain much valuable information.

It is, we repeat, a work that must be referred to as a standard by all such societies.

German Literature. By JOSEPH GOSTICK, Author of “The Spirit of German Poetry.” Part I. Chambers. This is a new and most acceptable addition to Chambers’s “Instructive and Entertaining Library.” Mr. GOSTICK is well known in the literary world for his intimate acquaintance with the literature of Germany, and in this volume he proposes to make its history and its beauties better known in England. As this interesting and instructive work is thus published at a price which places it within the attainment of the poorest, there will be no excuse for any person of ordinary intelligence being ignorant henceforth of the literature of a people to whom our literature is almost as familiar as their own. Every young person should be required to read this work. It should be a class-book in schools.

ART.

The Art Journal, for October.

THIS unique periodical multiplies its attractions, instead of growing idle with success. Here we have for a few pence—for one-eighth of what one of the engravings alone would have been sold for ten years ago,—three exquisite ones, by the best artists of the day, of large size, and each fit for framing. Two are a continuation of the series from the Vernon Gallery, viz., MACLISE’S *Malvolio*, beautifully done by STAINES: *The Truant*, by WESTER, a masterly production of PHILLIBROWN, engraver, and in which the character of the original is wonderfully preserved, and MARSHALL’S statue of *Sabrina*, engraved by ARTLETT. Besides these, there are numerous wood-cuts, many of them illustrating a series of articles on Art-Manufactures, which are giving a practical value to the Art Union. The letter-press contains the entire record of art at home and abroad. This periodical should be placed as an ornament in every drawing-room.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—Last week Mr. Wornum delivered the third and last of a series of lectures on the architectural decorative art of the middle ages. The subject will be completed by a supplemental lecture on glass painting, to be given on Nov. 2. The decorative art treated of yesterday evening was the Gothic, a term, as Mr. Wornum explained, applied reproachfully to the particular style by persons who were unalive to its beauties from being bigoted to the classic style. The characteristic of the Gothic, which immediately succeeded the Romanesque or Basilican style, was the pointed arch. Juxtaposition was the characteristic of the Romanesque, superposition of the Gothic, the individual members of which were higher rather than under. Superposition, indeed, was sometimes met with in Romanesque, as in the church of San Michael at Pisa, but the instances were quite exceptional. There was much the same distinction between the vertical and horizontal in art as between man vertical and animals horizontal in nature. The pointed style was met with in Egypt so early as the seventh century; it thence passed into Sicily, where it partially superseded the Basilican, or round arch style, which modification of the two arose to the Norman. The lecturer then developed, at considerable length, the features of the successive styles of Gothic architecture in England up to the introduction of the Tudor, or, as it was sometimes erroneously called, Elizabethan style, and illustrated his description by the diagrams which amply decorated the wall behind him, and without the aid of which any report of the lecture, other than a closely elaborated one, would be futile. The lecture was well received by a crowded attendance.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

SIR CHARLES SHAKERLEY, Bart., has purchased for six hundred guineas the two splendid pictures by Court d’Orsay, one being the representation of our Saviour, and the other the portrait of Queen Victoria. The former is intended for the private chapel in Somerford Park, and the latter as a present to the corporation of Congleton.—The new five-franc pieces of the French Republic, of which 200,000 have already been coined, have come into circulation. On one side is a figure of a female representing the Republic, crowned with flowers, &c., with the word “Concord” on the forehead, and as a legend, the words “République Française;” on the other side are two palms forming a crown, and the words “Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.”—A method of wall-painting has been invented at Berlin, by a M. Fuchs, which promises to supersede the difficult al fresco process. It is also stated to be much more durable, and more adapted to the changes of a Northern climate than the Italian method. An experiment was made a year ago to test the power of the colours to resist a very destructive agent, the result of which has been just ascertained. Last September, a portrait on stone was painted according to the new process by Kaulbach, and given for trial to the director of the Royal Museum. It has ever since been deposited in a chimney, exposed to a twelvemonth’s smoke, and when taken down it was covered by a thick coating of soot, that was only removed with difficulty; but the painting beneath is uninjured and the colours are clear and bright.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Zoist, for October.

OUR readers are aware that multitudes who accept mesmerism as a truth in nature are sceptical as to the clairvoyance and other of the more extraordinary of its phenomena. We were so, until we proved it to our own satisfaction over and over again, so as to place it beyond doubt. Dr. ESDALE, who has done such wonders in India by employing mesmerism as a curative agent, in a letter addressed to Dr. ELLIOTSON, and which appears in the new number of *The Zoist*, states that he was not for a long time induced to pay any attention to those higher phenomena, although enjoying the most extensive opportunities for testing their truth. Lately, however, he has done so, and he now communicates the results of his experiments. He says, that “in a pamphlet published here before having had access to mesmeric books, I expressed my distrust and suspicion regarding the higher mental phenomena of mesmerism; and my opinions were only changed by the force of overwhelming and irresistible evidence subsequently.”

A subsequent paper communicated by Miss AGLIONBY, the sister of the member for Cockermouth, gives a minute narrative of a cure of long-standing epilepsy by mesmerism, and which possesses the further interest of having exhibited all the phenomena of clairvoyance. The patient was ANN PATTINSON, aged 34, who lived at Knercroft, a village near Wigton:

She displayed beautiful examples of phreno-mesmerism, answering to pressure of almost all the organs, and she was also a clairvoyant of no mean order. Her limbs were capable of the highest degree of cataleptic rigidity. I have mesmerised her outstretched arm and hung on the tips of her fingers a 15*lb.* weight, which she sustained for a considerable time without bending a joint. By passes I have fixed her hand to the back of a chair so firmly that by no efforts of her own or others could it be disengaged, until I demesmerised it. On both these occasions the mesmerism was but local, she herself not being in the trance. She was very easily affected, a single pass or look throwing her into the coma. By pressing my hand upon her lips, and gazing steadfastly at her, I could lock her jaw so completely that I have occasionally had difficulty in demesmerising it. When in the trance, she would converse freely with others, as well as with me. She had community of

feeling with her mesmeriser, but had no dislike to the approach of strangers. At times she appeared to be able to read my thoughts; but her lucidity was uncertain, being much greater on some days than others. Wonderful as she was, had I known as much of mesmerism then as I do now, I have no doubt I could have elicited still stranger phenomena. She expressed the different feelings, excited by the pressure of the cerebral organs, in a most striking manner both by speech and actions. She would also imitate my gestures in a most ludicrous manner. She would frequently tell me what persons I had spoken to on my road to her cottage, and what I had said to them. I once put a letter in its envelope into her hand, and asked her who it was from and what was its subject. She replied it was from a very pretty lady with long fair ringlets, and it was all about mesmerism.

The following are some of the notes made by Miss AGLIONBY at the time:

I left Ann asleep and went on to Ainstable to see Nanny Pelter, not naming my intention to any one. When I returned, I asked Ann where I had been. She said at Ainstable in Pelter's house, and that I had seen Nanny and the children, but not Pelter himself, and that Nanny was up and dressed, but sitting on the bed; which was all true. She has correctly explained the words lucidity, magnetism, and animal magnetism, and she is also able to repeat after me sentences in different foreign languages.

Asked Ann who had been at Nunnery the day before. She said, "Mr. Castle (her first mesmeriser) who had come in a gig with a light horse," which was true; and she also told me exactly what he had said of two mesmerist patients of his, in whom I was interested. I asked how she knew this; she said she saw things, but they did not always come, and then she could not tell things. She distinguished between Latin and Italian which was repeated to her, and she added they were much the same languages, only Latin was older. It must be remembered that in her normal state she was a very ignorant person, able to read very little and not to write at all.

She can now tell what o'clock it is by a watch being held to the back of her neck. She also told me who was to dine at Nunnery to-day, and that Mr. Graham was asked but could not come; which was the fact.

To-day Mr. Aglionby mesmerised her, and, besides the usual phenomena, she displayed community of feeling, shrinking when his hand was pricked or his hair pulled, and rubbing her own hand or head. She also imitated him most ludicrously in all his motions.

I desired Ann to go to Beaulieu, a place where I had been staying in the autumn, and to look for a dear friend of mine, and to tell me what she was like. She said she was old and walked on crutches, and had white hair and blue eyes, and wore a black gown, and often talked of me; which was all a most correct description of my valued old friend. Ann added that there were two other ladies at Beaulieu—young and dark, and three gentlemen—one of whom was old. She then described the furniture in the hall very minutely, saying there was a glass door, a horse, but not a live one, and a long-necked brass thing, which she did not know the name of. By this she meant a long slender shaped old cannon, which stood in the hall, and the horse was a large child's rocking horse, which I had forgotten till she reminded me of it. She then of her own accord went to the drawing-room and said the windows looked through beautiful trees towards something like the sea where there were many ships and boats; and, in truth, those windows do look over a wooded lawn to the mouth of the Boyne, where large vessels pass to and from the harbour of Drogheda. This was the only effort at mental travelling I ever heard Ann make, but it was correct in all particulars. I ought to remark that my sister and I had no maid with us at Beaulieu, so that Ann could not, in her normal state, have come to any knowledge of the place or family.

These, I am sorry to say, are the only notes that I took of Ann's case, which was a most singular one, and displaying every day some new and beautiful phenomenon.

We take now a very remarkable case of the practical application of clairvoyance:

INTERESTING CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

Recovery of £650l.

Having heard various rumours in the town to the effect that a large sum of money had been recovered through the instrumentality of clairvoyance, we were induced to make some inquiries; and the result is, that according to the testimony of several of the parties concerned, the following is a correct narrative of the circumstances:—

"On Saturday, July 14th, a letter was received by Messrs. P. R. Arrowsmith and Co. of this town, from Bradford, Yorkshire, containing a Bank of England note for 500l., another for 50l., and a bill of exchange for 100l. These, Mr. Arrowsmith handed over in his regular mode of business to Mr. William Lomax, his cashier, who took or sent, as he supposed, the whole to the Bank of Bolton, and made an entry accordingly in his cash-book. The bank-book was then at the bank, so that no memorandum of the payment was received or expected. After the expiration of about five weeks, upon comparing the bank-book with the cash-book, it was found that no entry for these sums was in the book. Inquiry was then made at the bank, but nothing was known of the money, nor was there any entry existing in any book or paper there; and after searching, no trace could be found of the missing money. In fact, the parties at the bank denied ever having received the sum, or knowing anything of the transaction. Before the discovery of the loss the bill had become due; but upon inquiry, after the loss was discovered, it was found that it had not been presented for payment. It was therefore concluded, that as the notes and bill could not be found at the bank, nor any trace or entry connected with them, the probability was, that they were lost or stolen, and that the bill had been destroyed to prevent detection. Mr. Lomax had a distinct recollection of having received the notes, &c. from Mr. Arrowsmith; but, from the length of time that had elapsed, when the loss was discovered, he could not remember what he had done with them; whether he had taken them to the bank, or sent them by the accustomed messenger; nor could the messenger recollect anything about them.

As might be expected, this unaccountable loss occasioned great anxiety to Mr. Lomax; and, in this emergency, he applied to a friend to whom the discovery of Mr. Wood's cash-box was known, to ascertain the probability of the notes, &c., being found by the aid of clairvoyance. The friend replied that he saw no greater difficulty in the case than in Wood's, and recommended him to make the inquiry, which he said he would do, if only for his own satisfaction. After some further consideration, it was determined to ask Mr. Haddock, of Cheapside, to make the inquiry, but not to inform him of any particulars of what the letter contained. Mr. Haddock was accordingly applied to, and from his knowledge of the respectability of the parties, he consented to make the experiment.

On Friday, August 24th, Mr. Lomax, accompanied by Mr. F. Jones, of Ashburner-street, Bolton, called on Mr. Haddock for this purpose. The clairvoyant was put in the psychic state, and then into connexion with Mr. Lomax. She directly asked for "the papers," meaning the letter in which the notes and bill were enclosed; but this Mr. Lomax did not happen to have in his possession, and she said she could not tell anything without it. The sitting, therefore, was so far useless. The next day Mr. Lomax brought the letter, and Mr. Haddock requested that the contents might not be communicated to him, lest it should be supposed that he had suggested anything to her. After considerable thought and examination, the clairvoyant said, that there had been *three* different papers for money in that letter, not post-office orders, but papers that come out of a place where people kept money in (*a bank*), and were to be taken to another place of a similar kind. That these papers came in the letter to another gentleman (Mr. Arrowsmith), who gave them to the one present (Mr. Lomax), who put them in a paper, and put them in a red book that wrapped round (a pocket book). Mr. Lomax then, to the surprise of Mr. Haddock, pulled from his coat pocket, a *deep red pocket book*, made just as she had described it, and said that was the book in which he was in the habit of placing similar papers.

Mr. Haddock thought she was wrong as to the number of papers, for he conceived that the letter contained a cheque; but the clairvoyant persisted in saying that there were three papers, two of which were of the same kind, and on the same sort of paper, but one more valuable than the other; and the other on different paper, with a stamp on it. Mr. Haddock somewhat baffled and irritated her by his inquiries in this respect, and by his not crediting her statement, but thinking she was in error, and this tended to obscure her meaning.

Mr. Lomax now said that the clairvoyant was right; that the letter contained two Bank of England notes and a bill of exchange; but did not say what was the value of the notes. Mr. Haddock then put a ten pound Bank of England note into the clairvoyant's hand; she said that two of the papers were like that, but more valuable, and that the *black and white word at the corner was longer*. She further said that these notes, &c., were taken to a place where money was kept (*a bank*) *down there* (pointing towards Deansgate). Beyond this no further inquiry was made at that sitting.

In the evening, Mr. Arrowsmith called, with Mr. Makant, of Gilnow Croft, Mr. Lomax, and Mr. F. Jones, to finish the inquiry. But in the interim, the clairvoyant had unexpectedly become mesmerised, and a letter from Scotland, having some reference to cholera, being put into her hands, she went in quest of a cholera patient, whose case she said proved fatal. She was much interested in this case; said how it might have been cured; and spoke of her examination of the corpse. The inquiries, however, made such an impression on the organic system of nerves, that, notwithstanding precautions were taken, she soon manifested symptoms of cholera after she awoke, which became so urgent that strong measures were required to subdue them. She was, therefore, too ill for any further inquiry, and the gentlemen retired without witnessing any experiment. Mr. Arrowsmith left the *sealed* letter, to be used when she was again fit for the inquiry, but no further use was made of it till Monday.

On that day Mr. Lomax called again. The clairvoyant was now well, and she went over the case again, entering more minutely into particulars. She persisted in her former statements; that she could see the "marks" of the notes in the red pocket-book, and could see them in the banking-house; that they were in paper, and put along with many more papers in a private part of the bank; that they were taken by a man at the bank, who put them aside without making any entry, or taking any further notice of them. She said the people at the bank did not mean to do wrong, but that it arose from the want of due attention. Upon its being stated that she might be wrong, and requesting her to look elsewhere, she said that it was of no use; that she could see they were in the bank, and nowhere else; that she could not say anything else, without saying what was not true; and that if search was made at the bank, she said they would be found there. In the evening, Mr. Arrowsmith, Mr. Makant, and Mr. Jones came again, and she was put into the psychic state to repeat these particulars in their presence, which she did.

Mr. Haddock then said to Mr. Arrowsmith, that he was tolerably confident that the clairvoyant was right, and that he should recommend him to go next day to the bank and insist on a further search, stating that he felt convinced from inquiries he had made that his cashier had brought the money there. Mr. Makant also urged the same course on Mr. Arrowsmith.

The following morning (Tuesday, August 28th), Mr. Arrowsmith went to the bank, and insisted on further search. He was told that after such a search as had been made it was useless; but that to satisfy him, it should be made again. Mr. Arrowsmith left for Manchester, and after his departure a further search was made, and among a lot of papers in an inner room at the bank, which were not likely to have been meddled with again probably for years, or which might never have been noticed again, *were found the notes and bill wrapped in paper, just as the clairvoyant had described them*.

I have not the pleasure of Mr. Haddock's acquaintance: but wrote to him requesting to be informed how far the statement was correct; and the following is that gentleman's obliging reply:—

"Bolton, Sept. 22, 1849.

"Sir,—The account of the recovery of Mr. Arrow-

smith's money by the aid of clairvoyance is true in every particular. There were many interesting things said during the sittings, which were suppressed, to avoid hurting the feelings of any party. The account in *The Times* was not verbatim from the *Bolton Chronicle*, but indirectly from the *Liverpool Courier*.

"An account of the recovery of Mr. Wood's cash-box, you will find in the Appendix of the accompanying work."

The work is, *Somnolism and Psychism; otherwise Vital Magnetism, or Mesmerism: considered physiologically and philosophically: being the substance of Lectures delivered under the auspices of the Bolton Mechanics' Institution. With an Appendix, containing Notes of Mesmeric and Psychical Experience.* By Joseph W. Haddock, Surgeon-Apothecary.

The case is thus detailed at p. 60:—

On Wednesday evening, December 20th, 1848, Mr. Wood, grocer, of Cheapside, Bolton, had his cash-box, with its contents, stolen from his counting-house. After applying to the police, and taking other precautionary steps, and having no clue to the thief, although he suspected what was proved to be an innocent party; and having heard of Emma's powers as a clairvoyant, he applied to me, to ascertain whether, by her means, he could discover the party who had taken it, or recover his property. I felt considerable hesitation in employing Emma's powers for such a purpose, fearing, that both the motive and agency might be grossly misrepresented. But the amount at stake, the opportunity for experiment, and Mr. Wood being a neighbour, induced me to comply with his request; and nine o'clock, next morning, was appointed for the trial. At that hour Mr. Wood came to my residence, and I then put Emma, by mesmerism, into the internal state, and then told her that Mr. Wood (whom I put *en rapport*, as it is called, with her,) had lost his cash-box, and that I wished her to tell us, if she could, where the box was taken from? what was in it? and who took it? She remained silent a few minutes, evidently mentally seeking for what she had been requested to discover. Presently she began to talk with an imaginary personage, as if present in the room with us; but as it subsequently proved, although invisible and imaginary to us, he was both *real* and *visible* to her; for she had discovered the thief, and was conversing with his mind on the robbery. She described, in the course of this apparent conversation, and afterwards to us, where the box was placed; what the general nature of its contents was, particularizing some documents it contained, how he took it, and that he did not take it away to his residence at once, but hid it up an entry; and her description of his person, dress, associations, &c., was so vivid, that Mr. W. immediately recognized the purloiner of his property in a person the last to be suspected. Feeling satisfied from the general accuracy of her descriptions, and also from her describing the contents of the box, that she had really pointed out the delinquent, Mr. W. went directly to the house where he resided, and which she had pointed out, even to the letters on the door-plate; and insisted on his accompanying him to my house; or, in case of refusal, to the police-office. When brought, and placed in connexion with Emma, she started back from him as if he had been a serpent; telling him that he was a bad man, and observing also, that he had not the same clothes on as when he took the box; which was the fact. He denied strenuously all knowledge of the robbery then, and up to a late hour in the afternoon; but as he was not permitted to go at large, and thus had no opportunity for destroying, or effectually concealing the box, and as Mr. Wood had promised, for the sake of his connexions, not to prosecute, if confession was made, and the box and contents recovered, he, at last, admitted that he had taken it, and in the manner described by Emma, and the box and contents were found in the place where he had secreted it, broken open; but the property safe. It should be observed, that Emma had pointed out the place where the box was concealed, but we could not be certain of the place she meant, without permitting her, while in the *internal state*, to lead us to it: this the confession rendered unnecessary.

Mr. Haddock thus continues in his letter to me:—

As a further explanation of Mr. Wood's case, I should

say, that towards the close of last year, a gentleman from Newcastle-on-Tyne called on me with a commercial gentleman of Manchester; the former to inquire *clairvoyantly* into the case of his daughter. He said the clairvoyant had accurately described the case of his daughter, and also the house, &c., where she resided. The latter gentleman the same day called on Mr. Wood in the course of his business, and told him what he had just seen in my house. When Mr. Wood was robbed, it occurred to him to ask me if there was any probability of discovering the thief, &c., by the help of my clairvoyant; and, he being a neighbour, I consented to make the experiment. Soon after my book was published our paper noticed it, and gave extracts, and thus the affair became public. Mr. Wood has furnished me with a letter of attestation, which I enclose.

The following is Mr Wood's letter to me:—

"Bolton, Sept. 22, 1849.

"Dear Sir,—I have been requested by Mr. Haddock, for your further satisfaction, to add my testimony to the truth of the statement of the recovery of my cash-box through his clairvoyant mentioned in his little work. The whole of the affair from beginning to end is true; the name of the party, and many other things connected with the affair, are suppressed in the account, from the family being so well known and respected in the town.

"Should you require any further information upon the subject, I shall be most happy to communicate.

"Your's truly,

"To John Elliotson, Esq."

"HENRY WOOD."

This number of *The Zoist* contains accounts of numerous cures by means of mesmerism.

A STRANGE account of the psychological power of clairvoyance, in association with the fate of Sir John Franklin, is related by a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, who relates that a woman at Bolton, being "cast into a mesmeric state, asserted positively that Sir John Franklin is still alive, and now comparatively well. He has undergone great hardships, but has overcome them, and is in good hopes of getting to England in nine months and a half, provided no unforeseen accident occurs. The difference between the apparent time where he is and at Bolton is nearly six hours, indicating a difference of longitude of from 85 deg. to 90 deg. And afterwards, when asked, being still in the mesmeric state, to endeavour to point on the map where he is, she put her finger on the north-west side of Hudson's Bay, which is not very far from this longitude, though the map, being on a very small scale, and very inconveniently bound up in a volume of the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' and required by her to be rested on her head, not held to her eyes, and thus reversed, no very precise indication could be so obtained.

"As she is perfectly uninstructed, and unable even to read or write, it seems scarcely possible to suppose that she can know anything of maps whatever; and, further, the indication thus obtained, both by difference of time and her pointing on the map, took the bystanders quite by surprise. They had not the least idea of looking for Sir John in this direction. And yet if his ships have been wrecked or abandoned on the west coast of Boothia or towards Victoria Land, it is possible, though it may appear to us at present unlikely, that he may have tried to return to the eastward inside of Boothia, which, when he departed, was supposed to be an island. And if he has succeeded in overcoming the very great difficulties which must have attended such a route, this is precisely the direction in which he would appear. Further, if he got this length too late in the season to save the Hudson's Bay Company's autumn ship, his own impression would naturally be that he would be detained till the ensuing spring, which would just make up the nine months specified before he expected to be in England; this period not having been given by the clairvoyant as a prophecy, but as the impression on his mind, with which she professed to have some mysterious means of communication.

"She also professed to go and visit his ships, one of which she said was under water, with very thick timbers, the other above it. And an old letter being also possessed from Sir J. Ross, she was sent to visit him too. For this purpose she said she had to go much further. He is fast in the ice, and unable to turn his ship round, but intends returning to England when he can. She added that it was snowing heavily when she saw him;

he had not seen Sir. J. Franklin. The difference between his apparent time and that at Bolton was nearly eight hours, corresponding to 110 deg. to 115 deg. west, and when required subsequently to show the place on the map, she pointed to Banke's Land almost at once, a position full of probability."

These are the principal statements elicited, to which the editor of the *Manchester Guardian* adds his voucher for the unexceptionable authority, as to facts, of the writer, who is an officer of rank in the Royal Navy.

BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WORKS OF ART

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From September 1 to October 15, 1849.

[Some errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Mr. E. RICH.
Biographical Sketch of Swedenborg.

From Mr. T. DELF, 49, Bow-lane.
Letters from the Alleghany Mountains.

From Mr. C. KNIGHT.
National Cyclopædia. Vol. 8.

From MESSRS. CRADOCK and Co.
Guy's Learners' Poetic Task-Book.

From MESSRS. WHITTAKER and Co.
Falk Lebnah's Practice in German.
A Short Course of History.

From MESSRS. OAR and Co.
The Beauties of the Boyne and the Blackwater.
German Literature. Part I.

From MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co.
Soyer's Modern Housewife.

From Mr. R. BALDWIN.
Appendix to a Treatise on the Horse.

From Mr. J. R. SMITH.
The First Colonists. (No. 2 of Hunter's Tracts.)
Sacred Lyrics.

From MESSRS. LEWIS and JOHNSON.
Two Pieces of Music.

From MESSRS. COCKS and Co.
A Treatise on Harmony for the Pianist.

From Mr. H. G. BOHN.
Menzel's History of Germany. Vol. 3.
Brand's Popular Antiquities. Vol. 3.
The Tragedies of Sophocles. (The Oxford Translation.)

From Mr. H. COLBURN.
The Old World and the New. 3 vols.
Ernest Vane. 2 vols.

From MESSRS. DARTON and Co.
The Young Lord, &c.: a Tale for Children.

From Mr. JOHN MURRAY.
Memoir of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. (Nos. 72 to 74 of Murray's Home and Colonial Library.)

From MESSRS. SIMMS and McINTYRE.
Andrew the Savoyard. (Vol. 32 of Parloir Library.)

From Mr. WILLIAM PICKERING.
The Desert Isle, and Other Poems.

From Mr. R. CADELL.
Count Robert of Paris. 2 vols.
Anne of Gelestein. Vol. 2.
Surgeon's Daughter. (Vols. 42 to 49 of Waverley Novels.)

From MESSRS. LONGMAN and Co.
Humboldt's Aspects of Nature.
The Constructive Etymological Spelling-Book.

From MESSRS. BOOSEY and Co.
One Piece of Music.

From Mr. WM. SHOBERL, 20, Great Marlborough-street.
The Lord of the Manor; or, Lights and Shadows of Country Life. 2 vols

From Mr. J. McGLASHAN (Dublin.)
A Week in the South of Ireland.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE HAYMARKET has reopened with a double attraction. Mrs. NESBITT reappeared as *Constance*, in the *Love Chase*, and was as brilliant as ever, drawing down rapturous plaudits from a crowded house. WEBSTER, as *Wilbrake*, was as judicious as usual, always subdued and truthful. Miss JANE MORDAUNT made a good impression upon the audience, and promises to be an acquisition to the company. But the great attraction has been in MACREADY. His welcome on Monday evening last was most enthusiastic: the house was crammed, and hundreds were unable to obtain admittance. He was in his full vigour, evidently delighted with his reception, and he played *Macbeth* with even more than his usual artistic skill, no part of it escaping his elaborate attention. So it was on Wednesday with *Hamlet*, in which he never

showed himself to greater advantage. It is evident that he is yet in the full vigour of his powers and need not think of retiring. Such genius as his is public property and should not be withdrawn while it is capable of giving so much delight, and, let us add, so much instruction. As, however, he announces that it is his last season, all who love the drama will not omit the opportunity to see him.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The season has commenced here also, with a new attraction which has proved completely successful. The design is to produce the best operas of all times and countries, with English words, but the music of the composer entire, with the exception only of some of the recitatives, for which spoken dialogues are substituted. In this manner *Don Giovanni* has been produced in surprising perfection, the singers being Mademoiselle NAU, Mrs. WEISS, and a Miss LOUISA PYNE, who made her debut on the occasion, and surprised the audience by her manifest talents both as a singer and as an actress. HARRISON'S *Don Giovanni* was well conceived and sung. ALLEN as *Don Ottavio* attempted only to sing sweetly and therefore he was perfectly successful. WEISS, as *Leporello*, was full of fun and sprightliness, and his fine bass was very effective. The orchestra, led by Mr. E. LODER, was excellent; the scenery was good, and altogether it was the best thing in the way of opera we have ever seen out of the regular Italian Houses. All who have not yet visited it should go at once, for other operas will shortly supersede it. We trust that the success of this experiment will secure for the Metropolis a continued treat of the same kind. The choice is a large one; the store of beauty from which to choose is almost inexhaustible. Among the earliest to be given in this fashion should be *Masaniello*, *Der Freischutz*, *Norma*, *The Magic Flute*, &c., interspersed with some of the lighter pieces from the French *Opera Comique*.

The ADELPHI is full to the brim every night with an audience attracted by old favourites. It is not often that novelty is required in this theatre: hence it must be the most profitable one in London.

The COLLOSSEUM continues to be the great attraction for sight-seers. One is never tired of gazing at the Cyclorama, with its wonderful picture of the Earthquake at Lisbon. If there be one who has not seen it, we tell him or her to go forthwith, and we are sure he or she will afterwards thank us heartily for having recommended such a treat.

The POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION is a pleasant lounge these long evenings. You cannot go there without being instructed as well as amused, and the wonders of the Microscope, Chromatope, and Phantasmagoria will never weary. Children cannot be sent thither too often.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE French Ministry is preparing a new law for the regulation of the Parisian theatres. All privileges and monopolies are to be abolished; the number of theatres is to be unlimited; the legitimate drama is no longer to be the exclusive property of the Théâtre Français; nor are the two operas to be allowed to rule the roast in musical matters as heretofore. It is feared, however, that the censorship will be re-established.—The theatrical season of Paris is commencing auspiciously. M. Auber's new grand opera, in five acts, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, is in rehearsal at the Théâtre de la Nation, and at the Opera Comique a new opera by Halévy, the Jew, entitled *La Fée aux Roses* will be produced forthwith. Auber's opera of *Haydée* has been reprised, with Madlle Ugalde as its heroine, vice Charton. Roger is singing at the Grand Opera in *La Favorita*. A petit opera has been produced at the Gaieté, from the pen of M. Varney, *chef d'orchestre* of the Théâtre Historique.—Mr. James Hudson, the eminent Irish comedian, has arrived at New York, from London, and appeared on Monday evening at the Broadway Theatre, and was extremely successful. The audience was large, and greeted him with enthusiasm.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

BUTTER PRESERVED BY BOILING.—A physician who has travelled through Switzerland describes a process of preserving butter as adopted in that country,

and which he states to be far preferable to the English plan of salting. The process is as follows:—Into a clean copper pan (better, no doubt, tinned) put any quantity of butter, say from 20lb. to 40lb., and place it over a gentle fire, so that it may melt slowly; and let the heat be so graduated that the melted mass does not come to the boil in less than about two hours. During all this time the butter must be frequently stirred, say once in five or ten minutes, so that the whole mass may be thoroughly intermixed, and the top and bottom change places from time to time. When the melted mass boils, the fire is to be so regulated as to keep the butter at a gentle boil for about two hours more, the stirring being continued, but not necessarily so frequent as before. The vessel is then to be removed from the fire and set aside to cool and settle, still gradually; this process of cooling is supposed also to require about two hours. The melted mass is then, while still liquid, to be carefully poured into the crock or jar in which it is to be kept. In the process of cooling there is deposited a whitish cheesy sediment, proportioned to the quantity of butter, which is to be carefully prevented from intermixing with the preserved butter. The caseous grounds are very palatable and nutritious, and are constantly used as food. Butter so prepared will last for years perfectly good, without any particular precaution being taken to keep it from the air, or without the slightest addition of salt.—*Globe*.

SOMERSET NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—TAUNTON.—The first meeting of the Somerset Archaeological and Natural History Society was held in the Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday, when a large number of the gentry of the neighbourhood were present. A room adjoining was well filled with specimens of fossils, stuffed birds, carving, and ancient coins, and medals, impressions on different styles of architecture, skeletons of birds and insects, impressions of ancient brasses, a splendid mummy case 2,000 years old, ancient needle work, with a variety of ancient architectural devices—some of them were lent for the occasion, and others have been given to form a museum, to which additions are respectfully requested. It is also intended to form a library for those who desire to study Geology, Entomology, and Natural History, and the deeper science of Archaeology. We noticed among the company, the Earl of Cavan, Sir W. Trevelyan, Bart., Hon. P. Bonverie, Dr. Buckland, Dean of Westminster, Dr. Daubeny, Professor of Botany, Oxford, T. H. Dickenson, Esq., W. Pinney, Esq., M. P., C. J. Helyar, Esq., J. R. Allen, Esq., Rev. W. B. Portman, Warre, Chilcott, Whitehead, Dymock, and C. Andrew Cross, Esq., C. N. Welsman, Esq., W. Sparks, S. A. Kinglake, M.D., F. Llandert, M.D., Woodforde, M.D. There was also a large number of ladies present at the lecture by Dr. Buckland. Sir W. Trevelyan, Bart., took the chair, and gave a brief outline of the history of the society, which numbers 250 subscribers, and many honorary members, and apologized for the absence of the Dean of Llandaff. He stated that Lord Portman and Sir Thos. Phillips, Sir H. Ellis, Prof. Sedgwick, D. Wilson, of Edinburgh, and Sir C. Trevelyan, had consented to become honorary members. After some other details, the secretary read a very interesting report, which will be printed and circulated. Dr. Buckland then delivered a most excellent lecture on Geology, in which he touched upon the strata of the earth, fossil remains, and the capabilities of the soil, giving also a description of Mendip Hills, Brendon, and Exmoor. His discourse was interspersed with a variety of anecdotes, which excited much laughter. The worthy and excellent divine explained the various phenomena of the earth, by a reference to geological causes. With regard to the human form, he said that according to the food so was often the human figure. He was repeatedly applauded during the lecture, which occupied two hours. Mr. Dickenson, in a short speech, spoke of the archaeological lecture with much earnestness, and hoped the operations of the society would be of great benefit to all. W. Pinney, Esq., thanked the chairman for his kindness in presiding, and Sir W. Trevelyan briefly acknowledged the compliment. An ordinary was provided at Giles's Hotel, and in the evening a lecture on Natural History was given by Dr. Daubeny, when the assembly was composed of the élite of the town and neighbourhood. A number of the gentry went on Thursday to visit Glastonbury Abbey and its curiosities. The arrangements for the accommodation of the press

were admirable, and are deserving of approbation. We hope the society will abundantly prosper.

NEW ELECTRO-TELEGRAPH PATENT.—The introduction of the electric telegraph a year or two back excited amazement, but the working hitherto of that extraordinary power has not been worthy of the subtle agency employed. We learn that this most striking invention of modern times has now been brought to a state of perfection in the working which will cause it to be generally used. The prices for transmission will be 300 or 400 per cent. under those now charged. A business-man at Liverpool, or elsewhere, may communicate with his commercial confidant in London or Paris without the possibility of a third party penetrating their secrets, and all this is done with a rapidity unknown to the existing system. The new invention occurred to the minds of an American and an English gentleman almost at the same time. The two patents have now been united, and the working management has been entrusted to excellent hands, Messrs. Willmer and Smith, of London and Liverpool, whose energy and activity, as representatives of the United States and the metropolitan press during the last thirty years, are familiar to most newspaper readers. These gentlemen will be enabled to print messages at the rate of two hundred letters in a minute. The French government have conceded to the English patentee, Mr. Jacob Brett, the exclusive right of telegraphing between this country and France. Altogether the invention of House and Brett is one of the marvels of the age.

NEW OMELET.—Break four eggs in a basin, add two salt-spoonfuls of salt, half a one of pepper, and two table-spoonfuls of fresh grated Parmesan cheese, beat all well; put two spoonfuls of French beans, cut small in the usual way, well boiled; put your omelet pan on the fire, with two ounces of butter, and finish. If not Parmesan, any mild cheese may be used.—*M. Soyer*.

MECHANICAL LEECH.—The *Journal des Débats* describes an important discovery, which occupies the attention of the French scientific world. It is a mechanical leech, invented by M. Alexander, a civil engineer already celebrated for his useful discoveries. All the scientific bodies, after satisfactory trials, have caused this leech to be adopted in all the hospitals; having proved not only the immense economy of its use, but, what is better, the decided advantage which it has over the natural leech, often so scarce, always repugnant to the patient, and sometimes dangerous. The President of the French Republic has given orders for the supply of the apparatus in every commune where it may be found serviceable to indigent patients.

The *Detroit Commercial Bulletin* gives a description of an invention by Mr. A. Wilder, for ascertaining the leeway of a vessel as correctly as the variations of the winds are at present ascertained by a vane and a dial on shore. It consists of a tube four inches in diameter, running down from the binnacle of a vessel, to the keel, through which passes a rod, and to which is attached, immediately under the keel, a vane, about eight inches deep and two feet long. This being in dense water, is sure to be operated upon by any lee-way the vessel may make; indicated by the needle at the top of the rod, placed upon a plate on which the degrees are marked, situated between the two compasses in the binnacle.

ANTIDOTE TO CHOLERA.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to communicate to you the important fact, for the benefit of the public, which I have just ascertained in the treatment of cholera here, viz., that the carbonate of soda is a speedy and effectual antidote to the poison of that disease.

I give it in doses of a teaspoonful, dissolved in a little water, and drunk as hot as possible. It has little or no taste. It relieves the pain and burning of the stomach, produces sleep, and restores the pulse and heat in half an hour.

If it should be rejected, a few drops of laudanum, and an oily or other aperient should be combined with it; the laudanum is to prevent its being vomited, the aperient is to carry the antidote down to the small intestines, where the poison exists in greatest quantity.

I beg to remain, Sir, your most obedient and obliged servant, W. E. MAXWELL, M.D., Surgeon E. I. C. Hyderabad, Deccan, Aug. 23.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE BIRTHDAY.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

THOUGH late, yet not too late. Two suns have sunk,
And risen since that Birthday, yet as fresh
And heart-warm wishes press, as e'en they could
Were the *Real Day* first flushing. Every beam
Upstarting Phoebus shot, when on that morn
He mounted the gold clouds, as hero, steed,
Shall pierce an ill for thee; and ev'ry star
That waned upon that eve, shall, ere She sped,
Have dropped a joy for thee, as fairy pearls!
What I might say, I will not speak—but what
Might I *not* say! Oh surely at thy birth
There were sweet songs amongst the angel choir!
Truth, and sweet Innocence, their roses scattered
To guide the tender steps of the young Day.
Good heart; and friendship; and unnumber'd charms
Would lure malicious hag when at the worst,
Intent on brewage the most damnable—
A smile that scatters sunshine, and calls buds
Of happiness to spring (seducing hearts
To vow hot friendship, or a colder love)
These are thine, Lady! Be thou but as true
To thine own graces, as they are to you,
Following your footsteps as your shadow, and
England shall rise in envy, and her waves
Vault mountains high, to shut you to herself!
Surely th' Atlantic waves, that such a flower
Drifted to foot of cliff-bound Albion,
Shall roll in pity back, and leave it us.
That many Birthdays, and each happier,
Are marked for Thee, and Thine; and that the letters
Stand gold in Destiny's unopened book,
Is warmest wish from heart with, yet, some fire!

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

It is a world of sorrow!—He, who was
A "Man of Sorrows," maketh it a world
O'er which Hope's radiant banners are unfurl'd
To all who trust in Him! and he who has
This sweet belief to cheer his progress as
He journeys—meeting ever as he goes
Unkindness, ailment, all those fretting woes
That make even *home* stern as a mountain-pass
To the lame climber—taketh heart to oppose
The difficulties cast upon his way,
And is not spirit-faint. Grief findeth yet
A balm where Hope exists; and all the foes
The toiling Christian in his track hath met,
Vanish before Belief's encouraging ray!

Dover, 1849.

FOREIGN LITERARY JOURNAL.

LITERARY NEWS.

"LE DIX DECEMBRE" announces that sixteen guillotines have been constructed in Paris, during the last year, for the different states of Europe in which that mode of execution has been adopted.

The Academy of Fine Arts of the Institute has adjudged the first great prize for historical landscape painting to M. C. J. Leconte, of Paris. He is twenty-six years of age, and is a pupil of Messrs. Aligny and Piest. The second great prize has been awarded to M. Marie Alfred de Curzon, of Migné, Vienna. He is twenty-nine years of age and a pupil of M. Drolling.

It is now known that the amount of bank notes issued by Kossuth is 62,000,000 of florins, of which 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 have already been burned.

A FRENCH ADVERTISEMENT.—"Le Journal des Debats" says, "Every epoch has had its dramatic author, who has faithfully portrayed the manners of the age, and who has survived his time, as an historical painter. France of the nineteenth century has found its dramatist in M. Scribe. No one has depicted our prosaic manners with so much truth and finesse. The repertory of M. Scribe contains some perfect pictures of the home circle and village graces. 'La Demoiselle à Marie,' is a little *chef d'œuvre* of village coquetry. 'Le Chariotisme' is a burlesque on industrialism, but it is a true satire. 'Les premiers Amours' has all the freshness of

a Watteau. We have Byron's Beauties and the heroines of Walter Scott, why does not Gavarni give us the female characters of M. Scribe? 'Emmeline' has the prettiest little coquettish face conceivable; 'Melina,' has she not the seductive air of the drooping lily? and the 'Mad Girl' of 'Une Visite à Bedlam,' and the reasonable Suzette of the 'Marriage de Raison,' and the lively Madame Pinchon;—would not all these form a charming gallery? But we forget that this gallery exists, and that the pencils of our best artists have been employed on all these pretty heads in the octavo edition of the works of M. Scribe. Unfortunately this beautiful edition is nearly out of print; a few copies are still to be had at Bernard Lattes, Boulevard des Italiens. Never was so beautiful a work to be had for so little money—10 volumes, with 340 illustrations, for 35 francs!"

A new democratic journal is about to be published in Paris, under the direction of M. Flocon. It will be called, "La Revolution de 1848."

A new journal, to be called "Le Constituant," will be published by M. Marrast, in November next.

The "Union" announces the speedy appearance of several "red journals." Messrs. Raspail and Blanqui seek a printer. M. Joigneux is going to publish a weekly paper, destined exclusively to news from the country districts. It is to be called, "La Tenille du Village."

M. de Lamennais, we find, is about to undertake the editorship of the "Reforme."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

MR. NEWBY has removed to spacious premises at 30, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.—Great interest has been excited in the literary and fashionable world by the announcement of novels by Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer Lytton. The "Peer's Daughters," by the latter will, it is said, be one of the most brilliant works of the season.—The Marquis of Anglesey is said to have sanctioned the publication of his correspondence with Lord Cloncurry in a most characteristic way. He first gave permission to Lord Cloncurry to print the letters, without referring to them specially; and on the work being sent to him previously to its publication, Lord Anglesey observed, "There is not a single letter I ever wrote about public affairs which I would feel ashamed of being exposed to all the world."—The *Observatore Romano* states that a very important inscription on stone, calculated to throw great light upon several ancient dates, has been discovered at Rome, near the Forum of Trajan.

—Captain J. D. Cunningham, the author of the History of the Sikhs, has been removed from his appointment of Political Agent at Bhopal, for having in his book "made unauthorized use of documents entrusted to his charge as a public officer."—The twenty-second annual meeting for the distribution of prizes at Queen's College, Birmingham, took place on Tuesday week. The Reverend Horace Gray, Prebendary of Wells, who has been appointed to the new office of warden of the college, delivered an inaugural address.—A sub-union of mechanics' institutions in connexion with the Yorkshire union of mechanics, institutions has been formed at Harrogate, and the occasion was celebrated on Monday week. Mr. George Cruikshank, the artist, presided; and was supported by Viscount Goderich, the Dean of Ripon, and several others of the local gentry. Mr. Edward Baines, of Leeds, proposed the chairman's health; and Mr. Cruikshank replied with a characteristic speech.—The German papers inform us, that, on the 21st ult. at noon, the Segesser Hotel, situate on the summit of the Righi mountain, so well known to Swiss tourists, was burnt to the ground in the space of two hours. Some of the English residents at the hotel lost large sums of money by the disaster.—The fourth annual report of the committee of the free baths and washhouses in Glasshouse Yard appeals for aid to the public, with a powerful claim. During the year there have been 31,240 bathers, 32,492 washers of clothes, and 11,325 ironers; the cost was 315*l*.; there is a debt of more than 200*l*., and unless aid be extended the establishment cannot be carried on. The force of the demand on the public charity consists in the fact that all the persons who use the baths and washhouses do so

gratis: this is the only establishment in London possessing that feature.—In moving an almshouse of the Livery Dole, at Heavitree, near Exeter, the charred and iron-mounted remains of an execution-stake were discovered: inquiries show the stake to be that to which, in 1531, "Bennet, the Torrington schoolmaster was tied up in a cowskin, and burnt with all the furze and faggots the parish of Heavitree could supply," for denying the divinity of the Virgin Mary, and denouncing transubstantiation. "The stake is of elm, slightly charred; and there has also been found the iron ring which went round the apex of the stake, into which a stout staple, clamp or bolt, somewhat in the guise of a ship's anchor, with transverse prongs or flukes, was inserted, having a ring or circular hole at the top, through which the chain went which confined the sufferer to the fatal tree." The relics are to be deposited at "the Institution" in Exeter.

—M. Kruse has given up the editorship of the *German Gazette*. It is now edited by M. Robert Heller, and is the official organ of the Gotha party.—M. de Lamennais has undertaken the editorship of the *Réforme*.—The ship *La Belle Alliance*, which has arrived in the docks from Bombay, has brought several cases of Ninevehite sculptures as a portion of her cargo. These antiquities are not in this instance specially consigned to the government authorities, but to an individual in this country of great wealth and taste.—A person who styles himself *Major* George Gordon Byron, and claims to be a son of the famous poet of Newstead Abbey, has issued proposals in New York for publishing all the secret correspondence of his noble father, to be complete in four volumes, and claims to be actuated by the purest filial affection! "He informed me the other day," says the correspondent of the *Daily News*, "that orders are pouring in upon him for his work, and it is not improbable that he may succeed in his enterprise." This is the notorious person so lately exposed in a similar trick attempted at London. He seems to know the gullibility of the Yankees, and the uses of a military title among them.—The oldest man in France, M. Jean Baptiste Robillard, died on the 1st of October, at Fontenay, near Paris, at the age of 113 years 4 months and 2 days. He was born in June, 1736. Robillard retained the use of all his faculties to the last moment.

—A Dublin solicitor has just been in Clonmel, for the purpose of ascertaining the age of the late Countess of Blessington, in reference to an assurance claim. She was not so old at her death as the newspapers said, having been married in 1804, at the early age of fifteen years, so that she was only 60 years old at her decease.

—The following is the order of the libraries of Europe, according to the number of volumes which they contain; viz:—Paris (National Library), 824,000 volumes; Munich (Imperial Library), 600,000; St. Petersburg (Imperial Library), 446,000; London (British Museum), 435,000; Copenhagen (Royal Library), 412,000; Berlin (Royal) 410,000; Vienna (Imperial) 313,000; Dresden (Royal) 300,000; Madrid (National Library), 200,000; Wolfenbützel (Ducal), 200,000; Stutgardt (Royal), 187,000; Paris (the Arsenal Library), 180,000; Milan (the Brera Library), 170,000; Paris (the Library of St. Geneviève), 150,000; Darmstadt (Grand Ducal Library), 150,000; Florence (the Magliabecchi Library), 150,000; Naples (Royal) 150,000; Brussels (Royal), 133,000; the Hague (Royal), 100,000; Paris (the Mazarine), 100,000; Rome (the Vatican), 100,000; and Parma (the Ducal), 100,000. The libraries of Paris, Madrid, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Copenhagen, Naples, Brussels, Milan, the Hague, Florence, Parma, and London, have a right, conferred by law, to copies of all the works published in the country.

To gather the many remarkable incidents connected with the National Debt; to present an anecdotal sketch of the causes which necessitated, and the corruptions which increased it; to reproduce its principal characters; to detail the many evils of lotteries; to relate the difficulties in the early history of railways; to popularize those loans of which the Poyais, with its melancholy tragedy, and the Greek, with its whimsical transactions, were such striking exemplars; and to group these subjects around the Stock Exchange, is the object of the proposed volume.—From the preface to a new work entitled, "*Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange*," by John Francis, Author of "*The History of the Bank of England*."

NECROLOGY OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

JOHN STRAUSS.

THE Viennese Orpheus, John Strauss, died on Tuesday week. The death of this great hero of the ball-room is an irreparable loss. When Lanner died the Viennese consoled themselves, for they had Strauss; but now they are forlorn indeed. It has been appropriately remarked that Strauss' *genre* was small, but he was inimitable in it; and in the Walhalla that belongs to the genius of music, an honourable niche would be occupied by his bust. Strauss has left a family of six children to mourn his loss, and scarcely enough property in ready money to defray the funeral expenses. His wife is still living, but they have been separated for years—no uncommon thing in Vienna. Strauss died at the age of forty-five, in the house of his mistress, by whom he had four children. The most favourite of his compositions, the 'Alice Polka,' and the 'Wanderer's Lebenswohl,' were buried with him. The Viennese gave their favourite a crowded funeral. Notwithstanding a recent notice enforcing anew some of the conditions of the state of siege, one of which is that all assemblages of persons in the streets, exceeding the number of ten, are forbidden, the funeral procession of the "poor player" swelled to a magnitude the like of which has not been seen since the grand obsequies of the victims "of the glorious martyrs of liberty," of the March revolution. It is supposed that no fewer than eighty thousand persons attended the ceremony, besides a long train of empty carriages.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART, Published between September 14 and October 13, 1849.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

ANTIQUITIES.

Brand's Popular Antiquities. Vol. 3. (Bohn's Antiquarian Library.) Post 8vo., 5s.

ART.

Tegg's Elementary Drawing-Book. Oblong, 8s.

CLASSICS.

Sophocles, literally translated. (Bohn's Classical Library.) Post 8vo., 5s.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Blind Alice. By Aunt Kitty. 18mo., 1s.
Jessie Graham: Friends Dear, but Truth Dearer. 18mo., 1s.
A Lexicon, abridged from the Greek-English Lexicon of H. G. Liddell, M.A. and Robert Scott, M.A. 3rd Edition, sq. 12mo., cloth, 8s.; bound, 9s.
Christmas Comes but Once a Year. Sq. 12mo.
Wright's Universal Pronouncing Dictionary. Part 52, Impl. 8vo., 1s.
Martin's Illustrated Atlas. Part 13, Impl. 4to., 1s.
Scripture History. By the Author of "Sturm's Family Devotions." Part 5, 16mo., 1s.
Latham's (R. G.) History of Etymology of the English Language, for Classical Schools. Fcp. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

Black William's Grave. A Romance of North Wales, 3 vols. 8vo., 24s.
Ernest Vane. By Alexander Baillie Cochrane, M.P. 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s. bound.
Andrew the Savoyard. (Vol. 32 of the Parlour Library.) 12mo., 1s.
The Dream of Human Life. By the Author of "The Lollards," &c. Part 3. Demy 8vo., 1s.
The Ogilvies. A Novel. 3 vols. 8vo., 31s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Clarendon's (Edw. Earl of) History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England. To which are subjoined the Notes of Bishop Warburton. 7 vols. 8vo., £2. 10s.
Wright's History of Ireland. Part 16. Impl. 8vo., 1s.
Martin's (R. M.) British Colonies. Impl. 8vo. Part 3, 1s.; part 2, 3s.

MEDICINE.

Ellis's (G. V.) Demonstrations of Anatomy. 2nd Edition, entirely re-written. Post 8vo., 12s. 6d.
London Journal of Medicine. Part 10. 8vo., 2s.
Holden's Manual of Dissection. Part 2. 8vo., 5s.
Guy's Hospital Reports. Vol. 6. 1849. 8vo., 14s.
Daniell's Diseases of the Gulf of Guinea. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Harrall's Microscopic Anatomy of the Human Body in Health and Disease. With accompanying volume of Coloured Plates. 8vo., £2. 5s. 6d.

MUSIC.

Osborne's Dudu Liegst. 2s.
Dreyshock's Lied ohne Worte. 2s.
" Jeune Guerrier. 3s.
" Voyageur Nocturne. 3s.
" Premier Scene Champetre. 3s.
" Saltarelle. 3s.

Russell's There's a good time coming Girls. 2s.
Glover's Moonlight of the Mind. 2s.
Nelson's Wake, Daughter of Ocean. 2s.
Blewitt's When crown'd with Summer Roses. 2s.
Beale's Midnight. (Lord Byron.) 1s. 6d.
Fantasia brillante sur la Rose de Peronne. By Henri Rosellen. 4s.
Impromptu on a Saxon Air. By W. Vincent Wallace. 2s. 6d.
Beyer's Divertissements Militaires sur les Motifs favoris de l'Opera La Fille du Regiment: à quatre mains, each 3s.
Schulhoff's Second Valse Duet. 4s.
" Grand Valse. Op. 6. 3s.
Gorio's Nocturne. 2s.

POETRY.

The Angel's Theme. A Poem in Six Cantos. By John Watson. Fcp. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Ruins of Many Lands. 2nd Ed. 12mo., 5s.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Working Classes. By G. Simmons, Civil Engineer. Fcp. 8vo., 5s.
Political Equity: or a Fair Equalization of the National Burdens. By Theophilus Williams. 8vo., 2s.

RELIGION.

Guide to True Peace. 32mo., 1s.
Of the Imitation of Christ. Four Books, by Thomas à Kempis. New Ed. Fcp. 8vo.
A Manual for the Study of Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses of the Middle Ages. By the Rev. Edward L. Cutts, B.A. 8vo., 300 Engravings, 12s.
Questions on the Tabernacle and its Services, for the use of Children. By a Clergyman. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
Cardwell's History of Conferences on the Book of Common Prayer, from 1551 to 1690. 3rd Ed. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Jewel's Works. New Ed., edited by the Rev. R. W. Jelf, D.D. 8 vols. 8vo., boards, £3. 12s.
Explanatory Notes and Comments on the New Testament. By Edward Ash, M.D. Vol. 2. Crown 8vo., 7s.
The Second Reformation; or, the Earth helping the Woman. By Rev. B. S. Hollis. Fcp. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Sabbath Labour is Seventh-day Slavery. By J. C. Ollerenshaw, Working Hatter, Belfast. Post 8vo., 3s. 6d. cl. gt.
Rames's (J. R.) Magnet of the Gospel. 18mo., 1s.
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Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

GIBBS.—At the parish church of Stoke Mandeville, Bucks, by the Rev. W. B. Gale, Mr. Robert Gibbs, proprietor of "The Bucks Advertiser and Aylesbury News," Aylesbury, to Mary, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Gurney, of White Thorn-house, of the former place.

JUKES.—On the 22nd, at Harborne, J. Beete Jukes, Esq., of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, to Georgina Augusta, eldest daughter of John Meredith, Esq., of Harborne Park, Staffordshire.

DEATHS.

HAUGHTON.—On the 28th Aug., at Saint Cloud, near Paris Sir Graves Chamney Haughton, M.A., Knight of Hanover, Fellow of the Royal Society, Member of the National Institute of France, in the 62nd year of his age.

PERKINS.—On the 30th July, at the house of his son, No. 18, Regent-square, Jacob Perkins, Esq., aged 83, formerly of the United States of America, inventor of engraving on steel and the method of transferring engravings from steel to steel plates for making bank-notes and other securities.

SHEPHERD.—On Monday, the 3rd Sept., at the residence of his brother-in-law, Giles Hilton, Esq., of Preston-house, Faversham, the Rev. Dr. Shepherd, of 14, Russell-square, London, for thirty-two years preacher to the Hon. Society of Gray's-inn, and for many years rector of St. Bartholomew's, Exchange, aged 83 years.

SUMNER.—At Farnham Castle, on the 3rd Sept., Mrs. Sumner, the wife of the Lord Bishop of Winchester.

SCHROEDER.—Madame Schroeder, one of the first tragedians of Germany, and mother of the celebrated singer Mad. Schroeder-Deverent, has just died at Raudnitz in Saxony, at the advanced age of 84. The Emperor Francis I. paid Madame Schroeder an honour which no German artist had ever before or has ever since received. He caused her portrait to be drawn in all her principal characters, and placed the collection in the Imperial Museum at Vienna, to serve as models for young artists.

Deaths at Nab, Next-of-Kin, &c. Wanted.

[A Register of the References where full particulars of the following may be found, is kept at the CRITIC OFFICE. To prevent unnecessary trouble or impertinent curiosity, they will be supplied only on payment of half-a-crown for the search. If the inquiry be by letter, this may be transmitted in postage stamps. It will be sufficient to state the number prefixed to the particular case upon which information is sought.]

1227. NEXT-OF-KIN OF WILLIAM GLOVER, late seaman on board the merchant-ship *Venus*, a bachelor, died April 30, 1848. *Something to advantage.*
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